DOROTHEA

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Round-Robin Series

Dorothea

BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY
1882

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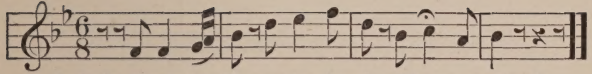
To E. N. G.



And she the rest will com-pre-hend, will com-pre-hend.

Marriage of Figaro.

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"*The multitude came together, . . . Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians.*"

DOROTHEA.

CHAPTER I.

"The Moor himself's at sea."

— SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY one morning in the March of 1876, Dorothea Peyton took her sketch-book, and blithely walked through the quiet streets of West Philadelphia to Fairmount Park. The day was bright and full of promise. On the maples the buds were swelling, the grass was green, and here and there a crocus in a sheltered corner was in bloom. In the windows were hyacinths and tulips, callas, and tardy azaleas, and everywhere was the mystic breath of coming spring. Dorothea was all in tune with the day, and whatever was bright and

prophetic in the air belonged as much to her as it did to the trees and the flowers. She was young, and she was pretty, yet neither of these facts made her glad, because she had never been either old or ugly; but she was happy because she was an artist and she had made a satisfactory engagement, and had pleasant, profitable work ahead of her. A newspaper in New York, for which she had worked with more or less uncertainty of acceptance, had asked her to make for it sketches of the coming World's Exposition, and she had just started out to begin her work. She was glad to have so tangible a proof that her steady industry had counted for something, and she knew she had made her own way.

"It is 'inflation,'" she said to her sketch-book, with a little pat, "and not, my dear, 'depression.'" And then she walked a little faster.

When she reached the Exposition grounds she stood still in amazement. She had ex-

pected to see many buildings, but here was a city! Where in the past fall the blackberry-vines had reddened and glowed, was now a brick pavement. The ravines were filled, the hillocks levelled, and the passenger-car tracks ran over a newly-graded, paved street. Hotels, houses, buildings, fences, doors, windows, bricks, — and everywhere workmen, running, hammering, carrying, calling. Every thing was confused, and all full of a life eager and determined.

Dorothea felt stunned by all this vigor and energy, this unexpected magnitude, and she ran away from the street to the green grass of the park; then over a muddy bit of road, and into a door, and stood, delighted, in the Main Building. She did not take out her sketch-book. She had a profound sense of the laws of perspective as she looked down the forest of arches and pillars, and as she walked along the railroad-track laid down the centre of the building. What she meant to sketch

was not architecture, but the picturesque in landscape, the characteristic in figure; and she soon met her first subject. He was a Welshman, and he was laying bricks, and prophesying the failure of every thing connected with his work. He had a rough and bearded face; and he went down into the little book as "The Jeremiah of the Exposition," but he never knew it.

She did not draw much; she was too busy looking about her, and making up her mind, and she walked around and around the paths, from building to building, until she was tired out; and then, buying a red apple from an old woman, she sat down under a great oak to rest.

Not far away a group of men were busy with a gay little house of many colors and foreign workmanship. They hurried about in a busy and purposeless manner that reminded Dorothea of a colony of ants. They separated, they came together, they laughed, and now and then they swore. Against one side of

the house stood a step-ladder, and on this sat a Jew. He was wrapped in a loose greatcoat of faded brown, and his feet were drawn up until his knees and elbows were on a level. When the workmen were most excited he looked on most calmly; and now and then he would stealthily glance around, and suddenly jerk a loaf of bread from his bosom, and snatch a huge surreptitious bite from it.

He pleased Dorothea; and she began to sketch him, feeling sure she was rather out of his range of vision, as she sat a little to the side of the men on whom his watchful gaze was bent.

"He is afraid some of us will see him, and curse him as he eats," said a voice behind her; and turning, Dorothea saw a man carrying a box of carpenter's tools. "Don't let him find you out," he continued; "for he is an ill-conditioned fellow, and if he don't say something ugly, he will get down and spoil your picture."

The speaker had a pleasant face: he was elderly, and an American.

"Stand off a little," said Dorothea quickly; "and if he looks up he will think I am sketching you. It will take me but a moment more."

The carpenter laughed, came forward, put down his tools, and folding his hands behind his back, assumed a contemplative and remorseful attitude.

"Napoleon at St. Helena," he announced.

As he was tall and thin, and wore white side-whiskers, this caused Dorothea to smile, but she made no remark. She worked on with bold, broad strokes, and then looked up satisfied, and turned her book toward her decoy of a model.

"That's Samuel," said Napoleon-at-St.-Helena, "that's him, loaf and all! It beats me how you do it! Now, if you had the Moor, you'd have the most precious pair of architects on the grounds."

"The Moor!" cried she.

"And the Arab," he added.

"A Jew, a Moor, and an Arab," she said, in a tone of delight: "you blessed man, where are they?"

"The Moor is in there," and he nodded toward the house. "When the space was first given, he brought his rug, and down he sat, right in the middle of it, and there he has sat while the walls have gone up around him."

"And the Arab?"

"Oh! he is promised," said the carpenter: "he hasn't come yet. When we get all mixed up with the bits of purple and red, and go to the Moor just because we don't know what else we *can* do, he opens his eyes and says, 'Yees, yees, when Yusef comes;' but I tell you, if Yusef don't hurry up I'm afraid the blessed little heathen hole will be built upside down."

"Is Yusef the architect?"

"I'll be blessed if I know," he replied, taking

out a plug of tobacco, and carefully chipping off a shred with a large clasp-knife. "I hope he is, for neither the Jew nor the Moor know an earthly thing about it."

"Where did the house come from?" asked Dorothea.

"From Morocco," he said.

"From Morocco?"

"From Morocco," he repeated; "but it is not new. They had it in Vienna, and now they have brought it over here. They mean to show their goods in it, and then sell it for ten thousand dollars. Fancy price, that?"

Dorothea smiled assent.

"But why did they send such a man?" she asked.

"It's beyond me. To watch the Jew, may be. Some day we'll send them both over to New Jersey, and get the house up while they are gone. The stupid old Mohammedan thinks he knows when the concern goes wrong, but he don't know how to get it right. The

Jew don't know any thing, except to get into tempers, — he can do that."

"Oh, well!" said Dorothea, in an easy, assured tone, "of course the pieces are all numbered, and it cannot be hard for Americans to put such a trifle together."

"You'd better believe it! Why there isn't a mark on one of them, and the whole affair has to be guessed. Not a picture, a plan, or a number! The fellow who happens on a fit the first trial gets a cent from each of us, and we ain't broke yet. Now, do you want to see the Moor?"

Dorothea jumped up; and the carpenter led her to the building, and to a half-finished door.

On the ground in the centre of the house sat a man of middle age and bulky figure. His coat was adorned with brass buttons, he was dirty and asleep.

"Oh, he is no Moor!" cried Dorothea in disgust. "I believe in the Jew; but this great yellow creature — he is not a Moor!"

"Well, he is something," the carpenter replied, putting his hands in his pockets, and regarding the object of their curiosity with a critical and judicial air: "he is not a darky, and of course he is not Irish. I guess he is a Simon-pure Moor, but perhaps you know them better than I do."

"I have seen Othello," said Dorothea, with a gravity not lost upon the American, who knew his Shakespeare; "and I do know what they *ought* to look like."

"Perhaps you would care to hear him talk?" and the carpenter took a little gold-colored block out of a great box close by, and carried it to the Moor. He pushed the sleeper, who opened his eyes in a quick, alert manner, over which as suddenly dropped a veil of stupid languor.

"Does this go over the door?" asked the carpenter.

"Yees, yees," said the Moor, "you will know it. Wait till Yusef come."

"And over the windows, and on the roof?"

"Yees, yees," was the response, "when Yusef come, when Yusef come."

"You see he don't understand. Oh, he is all right!"

Dorothea was looking at him with the steady, contemplative, but not aggressive air common to the physician and the artist.

"I am not so sure," she answered: "I would not like to say how much or how little he knows. I think I will draw his face when I go home. I am sure I shall remember it. But — oh, he has gone to sleep again! I will do it now."

The carpenter drew out a nail-keg, and Dorothea sat down; but in a moment the Moor opened his eyes, glanced at her, gave her a fierce, sullen look, and, ponderously arising, sought shelter behind a pile of boxes.

The carpenter laughed, but Dorothea shrugged her shoulders.

"It makes no difference," she said: "I can draw him from memory just as well, a week

from now." Then suddenly there came a quick and very singular change in the appearance of the carpenter. He stood as if he had been nailed together. His knees touched, his elbows were drawn back, and one hand rested in his vest. His chin was elevated, and he reminded Dorothea of the silhouettes cut at county fairs. At first she was disposed to laugh; but his intention suddenly impressed her, and she silently and swiftly began to sketch him. He might have seen a ghost, he stood so steadily, but when she shut her book he abruptly started.

"You'll draw him then another time," with an air of coming out of a revery.

"Yes," she replied; "but wouldn't you like to see my book?"

He took it, and slowly turned the leaves. He glanced at the Jeremiah, paused a moment over the Jew, but when he came to a tall, thin figure, suggesting Don Quixote in working-man's clothes, he covertly smiled, and returned

the book to Dorothea. She took it, tore out a leaf, and said she would like to send his wife a little sketch, and then she handed him his portrait. He now broadly smiled.

"The old lady has been dead sixteen years," he said, but he took the picture.

CHAPTER II.

"A young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit."
—MORRIS.

DOROTHEA resembled her neighbors in one respect: she had a closet where she kept a skeleton, and every little while she used to take a look at it. It was not, however, very frightful, and had not lost its tissues in a disgraceful or violent manner. It was not, as sometimes happens, her one claim to distinction, nor was it necessary to keep it under lock and key. It was not brought out to be looked at by her friends, neither was it hurried out of sight when the door-bell rang. It was not one of the brutal skeletons which thrust themselves into notice and will not be ignored let its owner talk over its head as she may.

It was none of these. It was simply that

Dorothea was exceedingly alone and lonely. She had no relations and few friends. Her parents died when she was a baby; but she had passed into the tender care of her mother's sister, a sincere and lovely, brown-haired woman. She cared for the child with the most passionate devotion; but when childhood and girlhood had passed, she died and left her niece alone. She had often talked to Dorothea of her future; and she left her a little home, with many charges to keep it if she could, and not to share it with strangers. Dorothea had other friends who advised this and that; but after her aunt died she engaged a Mrs. Hardy to live with her; she kept Mina, a Swedish girl her aunt had trained; and then she went to work in earnest to add to the little income her aunt had left to her. So she had an isolated, busy life, and there was no one to care whether she succeeded or failed; but she was independent and unvexed by the outside world, and so was content.

Long before the Exposition was formally opened to the public, Dorothea had grown into a sense of citizenship in it. She belonged to no committee, and had no friends among the busy women who were working to shape and to make, and the officials were all strangers to her. But she watched the buildings go up; she hailed the foreigners as they came in; it was Spain and Egypt, it was London and Greenland, to her; and the great boxes shot into "spaces" held all sorts of geographical and national romances for her. She liked to see the Norwegians rushing around, and the Japanese, busy with a silent intentness, and the Chinamen all working backward. The French never quarrelled too much, and the grumbling of the Englishman was delightful to her. All the world had come to her, and it seemed better than travelling. Yet when the opening day came, the sudden burst into bloom bewildered her. She had fancied she was prepared for it all; but the crowd, the

music, the enthusiasm, proved unknown quantities to her imagination, and she realized a sense of universal brotherhood she had before fancied was ideal, or, at the farthest, known only to very visionary people; but this day she met Russians and Chinese with a cordial reliance on their sympathy, and smiled good-fellowship on people to whom she had never been introduced. It pleased Dorothea to be lifted into this poetical region of enthusiastic social *abandon*, as she was in general rather too practical, and quite as apt to see the absurd as the beautiful. Theodosia used to say Dorothea exaggerated when she told stories, and worked up her points to suit her own purposes; but Theodosia was mistaken. She was herself color-blind to all delicate shades of humor; and as she only told what she saw, her stories were very apt to differ, both in color and detail, from Dorothea's account of the same matter.

And Dorothea liked to tell stories to people

who appreciated them; and one morning, as she sat with Theodosia in the Chinese section, she related one that had its own influence upon some after events. It was still quite early, and the gates had not opened to the general public. In the Main Building the morning work was going on. In the English department men were busy washing up the floor, the Russians were shaking out their furs, the Japanese were deftly unpacking Satsuma ware.

Near the girls stood a young foreigner looking at two Chinese busy with shimmering silks. He was erect and graceful, and, as Theodosia said, looked as though he could spring into the air without change of position, or any effort. His skin was dark, his features regular and handsome, and he wore a fez. Theodosia wanted Dorothea to sketch him.

"You can do it adroitly, and he will never know it," she said; "and he is *so* handsome!"

"I don't care for handsome people," Dorothea said lightly.

"He is picturesque also," said Theodosia persuasively.

"Tolerably," replied the artist carelessly; "but I would rather tell you a story."

"So you may," said Theodosia, "if you will sketch him first."

"What a tyrant you are!" said Dorothea, with a smile and a shrug; and she opened her well-filled book, and hunted out an empty corner. There was something beyond impertinence in the manner in which Dorothea made any one for whom she cared in the world around sit to her as a model. It was not safe to be pretty or characteristic in her presence; but as she never made a broad likeness, her American models rarely recognized themselves. With foreigners she was less delicate, having a feeling that they, like their goods, were on exhibition. So now she made an excellent picture of this alert but motionless young man; and then she said, —

"May I tell you my story?"

"You may," was Theodosia's gracious reply, and so Dorothea began:—

"Once upon a time there was an Englishman, and he had an only daughter, and he was rich. There was another Englishman, and he was rich, and he wanted to marry the only daughter. To this Englishman number one objected, and said the matter was ended. But it was not; because his daughter agreed with number two, and she wanted to marry him. This, however, the father said, made no difference in the world; but for fear that Englishman number two should run away with her, he resolved to do so himself. So he quietly made his arrangements, took her, went aboard a ship, and sailed and sailed until he came to this country. This was over a hundred years ago, and so there was a good deal of seclusion to be found here; but he wanted a real lonely place, so he went looking around until he found an island on a quiet, far-away river, and there he built a house, and put up a

great high fence, and settled down with his daughter in great peace and comfort, and every day he snapped his fingers to the east, that is, toward the British Isles, and cried 'Ah, ha!'"

"And his daughter?" said Theodosia.

"She sighed. She had no scorn. Well, one day along comes another Englishman, also interested in the country; and he stopped at a little inn on the mainland, and he wandered about. One day he came to the river-bank. 'Ha, ha!' he cried, 'what is this I see before me? An island with a fence all around it!' He was Englishman number two. Then he began to ask questions; and he hadn't asked twenty before he found out that on the island was an Englishman and his only daughter. 'I knew it,' he said; and he at once gave the half-breed who told him a guinea or two. Then *he* began to meditate; and the consequence was, he made friends with the half-breed, and, through him, with his tribe; and one night, as around the council-fire they

smoked the pipe of peace, he told his tale of love and grief, and as he spoke he jingled the guineas in his pocket. The heart of the Indian leaped with indignation when he heard the story, and upon the melodious pocket he fixed his expectant eyes. Then there came a night, —a dark and fearful night. Over the water glided silent canoes.

"In one of them sat an Englishman.

"They drew near to the island.

"Dark forms swarmed on the shore, they climbed the fence!

"Guns, arrows, fire, alarm!

"Great was the conflict, and mad the cries.

"'His voice!' she shrieked.

"''Tis he!' her father called aloud.

"It was hand to hand; and in the confusion the lover darted away, and the lady with him, and then they sailed and they sailed until they reached England.

"Behind them they left ruin and wild anger, —a burning house, an infuriated father, dead

Indians, and a bag of gold. And one of their descendants has painted a picture of it all, and it is in the British section, and one of the artist's friends loiters around and tells the story; and I will show you the picture if you want to see it, and what isn't red is yellow, and what is neither red nor yellow is blue."

"That is a most good story," said the young foreigner, turning around, and showing his brilliant teeth in a dazzling smile; "and for it I am most thankful!" and he walked away.

Dorothea looked at Theodosia, and Theodosia looked at her; and then they both colored, and arising, went down the building until they reached the American department, and were in the undertakers' section. Then Dorothea saw the shrouds, and cried, "How horrid!" and they went out into the air.

Dorothea said it was her fault; and Theodosia replied she did not think it was any one's, for how could they guess he was listening? and it was not to have been expected that

such a very foreign-looking man, wearing a fez, would understand English.

"I think he is a Greek," she added.

"Why?" asked Dorothea.

"They are the linguists of the world, you know," Theodosia replied.

The dimples deepened in the rose of Dorothea's cheek.

"My dear," she said, "perhaps he speaks only English."

"If that is so," said Theodosia, "his education has been sadly neglected."

CHAPTER III.

"Say the cause
Which bringeth thee so near?"
— DANTE.

WHEN the girl of to-day reaches twenty years of age, she may have neither beauty, education, nor talent, but she is sure to have opinions. There are few matters on which she is not prepared to give some sort of verdict, and few persons whom she cannot estimate. Theodosia Hudson was, in some respects, an advance on most of her contemporaries, — who generally had to rely upon some wide experience gained in a club, in the world, or in the family, upon which to found their conclusions, — because she was born with opinions, and had never had any reason for doubting herself. It was true that events could not be relied upon to develop as they

ought, and people constantly disappointed her; but she had great comfort in her own convictions, and a confidence in herself which carried her through many domestic and social perplexities. She had, however, one little weakness which she never suspected: she suffered her companions to make standards of value for her, and she never liked any thing until some one else praised it, and what she most desired was what others had. She liked Dorothea's yellow hair far better than her own, which was a dark brown, and very abundant; and she envied Dorothea's two inches above her own height. She admired her friend's bright color, her dimples, her talent; and the little vine-covered house in West Philadelphia was far more pleasant to her than her own mother's brown-stone and dowager establishment in the city. Yet Theodosia was not aggressive nor petulant. She had a very gentle, well-bred manner, a caressing little glance and touch, and all sorts of agreeable

little sayings about love and friendship, and the duty we owed to others. She had also a modest way of telling little meritorious things she did; and as each revelation seemed a special confidence, somebody else's left hand was pretty sure to know what her right did, and she received the proper credit. Dorothea used to tell her that the secret of her friendship for a girl as out of society as herself lay in their unlikeness.

"You think," said this young and blonde critic, "that you would like to live my life; but you wouldn't. You would not care to work all day, and sit alone all the evening; and none of the classes in the Academy of Fine Arts would compensate you for the loss of an Assembly ball."

It would have been difficult to have told what could have compensated Theodosia for the loss of her relations, had she changed places with Dorothea. She used to laugh at them, but she knew their value. There was

not an old doctor or lawyer of family in the city who was not related to Theodosia. Some of them wore wigs, and some were bald; but they all possessed old furniture, miniatures, and the ancient wedding-rings of their grandparents. In their parlors hung portraits by Peale, Stuart, or Sully; and they were all alike in wishing to talk and rarely to listen.

When Dorothea met any of them she never told them her stories of Englishmen. They liked her. She was of good Virginia family; and when she met them at the more economical resorts at the seashore or the mountains, she had claims on them, as a pretty Philadelphian, and they always talked to her of art, and the less they knew, the franker they were in saying so. They were, however, privately sorry she had to support herself, as it implied she might have suffrage opinions.

No — Dorothea did not want Theodosia's relations; and when all of them who lived out

of Philadelphia began, in these Exposition-days, to pour into Mrs. Hudson's house, and beds were made on the parlor sofas, and finally on the ironing-board put over the bath-tub, Dorothea was glad she had so few friends for whom she had to be hostess. Theodosia herself now rebelled. She cared little for the beds, or the board, but she did object to playing guide; and she was always threatening to go off to the White Mountains, or across the river to Camden.

In the mean time she comforted herself by going with Dorothea whenever she had a chance, and making engagements with her to the exclusion of her visitors.

One afternoon in early June the two girls went to Agricultural Hall. Dorothea wished to sketch in the Norwegian department, and Theodosia said she would chaperone her because she looked prettier than usual. Dorothea declared that all this meant chicken-salad in the California Buffet, where every thing was

cosey and cool; but Theodosia affirmed the salad was incidental and uncertain.

As they passed through an obscure and little-visited exhibit they were stopped by a group of men. In the centre stood an Italian with a bottle of wine under each arm, gesticulating with his feet, his head, and, as far as he could, with his hands, while a young custom-house officer carelessly listened to him.

"But see, signor," said the excited little foreigner, "the American has rank, — I do not care for his money; and my compatriots say the wine is fit for the President, for the most illustrious soldier, Gen. Grant. Shall I not take him just one bottle? For what have I brought the wine here? It is not for to keep it in a bottle in a cellar! No, signor, it is to have your great men drink it, and to have them send to me for it, and it will not burn them like your detestable whiskey. It is for your country's good, signor, that your men drink of wine that does not poison."

"Very true," said the officer reflectively. "And is it the general himself who is waiting for your bottles?"

"No, signor, but a friend of his; a gentleman of rank; a colonel in your army."

"He can have it," said the officer: "just you take those bottles back, and we'll settle up your custom-duties on your whole exhibit, and you can sell every drop to the colonel."

"But signor — now — I must take this *now!*" and he looked both blank and anxious.

"Marcel," said the other, "haven't you been told fifty times, that not one bottle goes out of this place until the duties are paid?"

"*Si*, signor, *si*" —

"Oh, go!" said the young man, as if he were fatigued with this opposition, "take it back to its place, and remember that even if these by-ways are quiet and convenient, the doors are well protected, and you won't get out with your load!"

Dorothea listened to this little snatch of busi-

ness with amusement. "It wouldn't be bad," she whispered, "'Contraband of Customs' for the title."

"All your ideas run to pencil, Dorothea, and" — but here there was a light touch on her arm as a tall young American went swiftly by. He did not push her, nor was he rude in any way; but she faintly exclaimed, and he turned, raised his hat, and then started and colored.

"Why Miss — Miss Hudson," he said; "why, I am surprised!"

For a moment Theodosia stood and looked at him with irresolution. She did not know how to address him. Then she put out her hand, and said coolly, —

"Surely no one need be surprised at meeting a Roman in Rome."

"No," he said; "but to me you seem rather to belong to Lake George or New York than to Philadelphia;" and he looked at her with some intentness.

This was Godfrey Wayne. Dorothea had once heard a good deal about him, about his manliness, his talents, and his admiration for several poets, and one young lady. Theodosia had first met him in a camping-party at Lake George; and when she visited Nelly Biddle, a New York cousin, she saw him again, and wrote about him, and then came home and never mentioned him again. As Dorothea cared nothing for him, she asked no questions. Several of the gold-headed people whom Theodosia had once worshipped had revealed feet of clay, and were then ignored.

The young man seemed pleased to meet the girls; and he at once offered to show them his latest discovery, a Chinese exhibit of silk culture with comical little mulberry-trees.

"It would be charming," said Theodosia; "but I want to see the French bronzes in the Main Building, and we must go there."

This unblushing statement surprised Dorothea; and when Theodosia looked to her for

confirmation she gazed into the Argentine Republic, and said nothing.

"Oh, the bronzes will wait!" he urged.

Theodosia shook her head. He looked at Dorothea.

"Must she really go?"

Dorothea smiled. She *did* look very pretty that afternoon.

"She is the best judge," she answered.

"Come!" he said; and he took Theodosia's hand, and led her off with the air of being about to dance a minuet, "It will take you but a moment, and will amuse you."

Dorothea did not sketch the Norwegian nets that afternoon, but neither did Theodosia see the French bronzes. They staid in the Agricultural Building until late, and they saw so much that interested them that Dorothea declared it was not only the most impressive but the most entertaining of them all.

"Won't you give your guide a good word?" said Godfrey.

"A dozen. In fact, I will sign your testimonial," Dorothea said; "and I will say you know the place as no one else does, and your admirable familiarity with climates, with agriculture, with commerce, and with" —

"It is true," he said, "it is all true; but I know a good deal of other buildings also, and I like to be guide."

At this Dorothea laughed. That was too unblushing, she said, — next he would ask for his shilling.

"Perhaps I shall," he said, "the downward road is very easy!"

Theodosia, who had been pleasant, but rather dignified, all the afternoon, now stated that she thought it was time to go home.

"We will be shut in here," she said, "and my mother will be frantic."

"And think," said Dorothea, "we may see all those antediluvian creatures come to life, and the hadrosaurus may chase us up and down these aisles, and Theodosia's hair will turn

white, and Mr. Wayne will become a skeleton, and I may have to be an Adam and name all the re-animated in the words of five syllables, and" —

"You'll never speak again," said Theodosia, "but I am sure mamma is worried already."

This filial regard was something so new on the part of Miss Hudson, that Dorothea could say nothing more, and with Mr. Wayne she followed Theodosia out of the building.

CHAPTER IV.

"O, give him welcome, this is he."

—MRS. BROWNING.

IT was now after five o'clock, and the shadows lay long on the grass. Around Horticultural Hall the brilliant beds of flowers, the green sward, the playing of the fountain, the great trees, the bloom and beauty everywhere surrounding this charming spot, stayed their steps, and they sat down on one of the benches, and talked in low, contented voices. Groups of people went by: they could see the "Narrow Gauge" trains, filled with passengers, rushing around their circling way, and now and then a sound of music filled the air.

Not far away stood the little house of the Moors; and as Dorothea watched some women in black sun-bonnets and scanty dresses stop and deliberate upon the propriety of entering,

her visit in the early spring came into her memory, and she told her companions of the Jew perched on his ladder, eating his surreptitious dinner, and of the Moor calmly waiting for Yusef to come.

"I wish," she said, "I had my old sketch-book here: I would like to show you the Moor's portrait. If you have any romantic ideas about this 'grave and stately' nation, he would dispel them. He looks like — well, a retired pawnbroker, or a dreamy maker of sausage-meat."

"I do not understand how you prevailed upon him to allow you to sketch him. Don't you know the Koran forbids such vanities? A true Mohammedan would run at the sight of a portrait-painter," said Godfrey.

"That is exactly what my Moor did," she replied. "He went into hiding the moment he saw me prepare for him. My sketch is from memory. I should like to compare it with the original. Does the Koran forbid that?"

"That would be included in the general specification. Have you not seen him since?"

"*I* am going over there," said Theodosia; "and if you two care to come, why of course you can! I have passed the house often; but I thought it was a dingy, dirty little place, and I did not care to go in, but now"—

"You cannot sleep until you see the Moor, and know if Yusef really came?" said Godfrey.

"I don't know that my curiosity would interfere with my sleeping," said Theodosia carelessly; and standing up she opened her parasol with great deliberation and looked at Dorothea.

"Very well," said she; and then they crossed over and went into the expensive but limited contribution of the land of Morocco.

The house was small, gay, and dirty. Everywhere red and blue, yellow, purple, and gilt were on good Oriental speaking terms, and everywhere there was merchandise for sale. There was a parlor, a kitchen, a dining-room,

and a bedroom; and they were all small, and all crowded. The kitchen was filled with crockery-ware of gaudy colors; and in the dining-room was a counter heaped with leather goods, rude baskets, jewelry, and perfumes. On the walls hung muskets and great brass dishes; and on his cushions, behind the counter, still silent and stolid, sat the Moor asleep. But no longer disguised in dingy European clothes, he had bloomed into splendor. His turban was white, his caftan of rose-color, and his *caic*, a long scarf of silky, gauze-like material, was wound into his turban, and falling between his shoulders, came around his waist to his gold-colored slippers.

"How magnificent he is!" said Godfrey; "and yet I can see the features of the sausage-merchant underneath. Does he look like his portrait now?"

"Alas, no! But I can make another picture, and I will," said Dorothea, "because his portrait in two characters would be dear to me;

and yet I would not dare to sketch him here, remembering what you told of the Koran."

"He would run again," said Godfrey: "they always do when pencil and paper come out."

"He would put us out," said Theodosia.

"Well," said Dorothea with a sigh, "perhaps the Koran won't prevent my taking something of a sketch of the house, and I will not despair. I may inadvertently work his highness in!"

"You are fond of sketching?" said Godfrey.

"A little," said Dorothea gravely, and she peeped into the parlor. Here were low divans, a couple of tables corresponding with the divans in height, and a rug of brilliant colors.

"Now see here, Miss Peyton," said Godfrey, "let us be a little serious about this matter. It is all very nice for you to say the house came from Morocco, and to tell us such good stories of your Moor, Arab, and Jew; but the truth is, it all came from Holland. It is Dutch, Dutch! What you call Arabic inscriptions over the doors, and say are prayers to Allah, are really

in Dutch, and mean that you are to wipe your feet on the door-mat."

"Nonsense," said the practical Theodosia: "of course it is Moorish. Does a Dutchman dress like that person?" pointing to the Moor.

"How can I tell?" replied Godfrey. "Likely enough he does. But do you not understand that in a Moorish house there are galleries, and fountains, and the sound of falling waters, and of guitars? There are veiled figures gliding here and there, and bright eyes glancing through lattice-work. Oh! I know all about it" —

"Perhaps monsieur has been in Morocco himself?" said a soft, peculiar voice; and over the shoulder of Godfrey appeared the bright eyes and brilliant face of "the Greek" who had listened to Dorothea's story of the Englishmen.

"No," replied Godfrey: "if I had I would not be so sure. This may be an exact copy of what a Moorish castle is, but it is not in the least like what it ought to be!"

"It is not a castle," said the young fellow:

"monsieur is quite right; but it is a Moor's house, and in Morocco was it made."

"And where," said Godfrey, "are Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda?"

"They lived in Granada, in the Alhambra," said Dorothea: "don't you think you are now getting a little mixed?"

"But Granada is the lovely country," said the young man in a fez; "yet it is not to be spoken of with Morocco, where Allah smiled, and said it was good."

"And are you a Moor?" asked Godfrey.

The young man lifted his eyebrows in light scorn.

"I am an Arab," he said: "my father is a sheik, and we live in no city as do the Moors, and the others of whom we have pity."

"Oh! tell me," said Dorothea eagerly: "are you — is your name Yusef?"

He laughed and nodded.

"Now," said Godfrey, "you are satisfied. Yusef is here! The family is complete!"

Whether the Arab understood this tone of raillery, no one could tell, but he looked gravely at the Americans.

"If you were to go to Morocco," he said, addressing Dorothea, "you would never come away. It is far better than this land, where one gets tired, and rests not. I have been in many countries, in Spain, and in Gibraltar; and I know that this America is the one where people work because the evil one drives them. It is not so in Morocco. There we take the time to be happy, and to thank Allah for what is good."

"Then," said Dorothea, "I would like Morocco! To be happy, and thank Allah for what is good, would be heavenly."

She looked a little grave and tired as she said this; and Godfrey, glancing at her black dress, wondered if she had known any sorrow but that brought to her by death.

Just then the Jew came up, his hands filled with scented beads, and held them out to Dorothea.

"See them," he said: "there is nothing like them, they are sweet, and so very cheap."

Dorothea took the string he gave to her. They could be bought by the bushel in the Turkish department, in Tunis, and in Egypt; but she held them for one moment in her warm white hand, and then gave them back.

"I do not like them," she said, and shook her hand as if the clinging perfume was unpleasant to her.

"He did not know us," said Theodosia softly as they left the place, and Dorothea smiled assent; but they were mistaken. Yusef had seen and recognized them as soon as they entered. The fair face and golden hair of Dorothea were charming to his infidel eyes, and he had never ceased watching for her since the day she attracted his attention in the Main Building. And he meant to see her again.

CHAPTER V.

"And now let's go hand in hand."

—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE next time Dorothea met Godfrey Wayne he took her through Machinery Hall, where he showed the same quick and close observation that had struck her when she first met him.

"How well you know the Exposition," she said.

"I have to know it," he answered; "and I have learned that the secret of observation is — do you know what?"

"No," said she, "I am afraid I don't."

"It is — to look!"

After this admirable piece of information, Dorothea did not see Godfrey until one day she met him going past the State Buildings, and he, turning, joined her.

"You want to reproach me," he said.

"No," she replied: "why should I?"

"It was mean, but I could not help it. When I came to write my article I had but the one way to put my subject. That it grew out of our conversation was evident; and if I gave your coloring, if I owed some of the best of it to you, how was I to avoid it? To have taken the high lights out would have been to have made my picture flat and meaningless, and yet the high lights were yours."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Dorothea, turning and looking at him as if she thought he had suddenly lost his mind.

"Of my article," he said.

"Of your article?" she repeated.

He took from his pocket a copy of "The Illustrated Mail," and opened it. He folded it to a vigorous little sketch in which the Corliss engine had taken, in a dim and suggestive way, the likeness of a great giant,

blind and resolute. From his hands and his feet ran long lines of leather belting, and to these, like galley-slaves, were fastened all the machinery in the hall. By one purpose were they controlled and governed, and by one will worked. There was in the sketch no broad conversion of the machinery into human forms; but the suggestion was there, and yet seemed rather to grow out of the perception of the one who saw than from the intention of the one who drew.

"This is yours?" he said.

She nodded; then all at once she looked up in surprise, and a look of surprise came into her eyes.

"And the letter-press?" —

"Is mine," he added.

For a moment she looked at him a little blankly, and then she laughed.

"I could not understand it," she said: "I thought the article was written to the picture, and yet it was so clear a description of the

machinery that I could not comprehend how any one could, in such a practical manner, work up my fantastic idea."

"And now you understand?"

"Perfectly; but I shall be afraid of you!"

"I do not steal," he exclaimed, "at least not often."

"I am not afraid of that," she answered; "and I could ask nothing better than to have my sketches written to in this manner. Sometimes they seem to bear no relation to the article. This one I thought was complete in itself."

He colored a little. "You will not mind then, if I write up to other drawings of yours? I cannot well refuse."

"I will be delighted," she said; "but I did not know you wrote at all!"

"Did not Theodosia tell you?" he asked, looking surprised. "I am one of the editors of 'The Mail,' and I am here to do some special work. If I may, however, judge from

the instructions the chief editor sends, my only duty at present is to write to your illustrations."

"Is it very stupid?" And she looked up with a little smile.

"I can endure it," he replied lightly; "but you will yet quarrel with me, I know."

"What I should like best," Dorothea said, "would be to illustrate articles already written. At first I very much enjoyed my privilege of choosing my own subjects; but now I am afraid my treatment of the Exposition is getting monotonous, and I'm sure I should do better if I worked to some one else's ideas."

"I do not believe you would do better," he said, "but I understand you; and if you would take an article I have written on the Portugal Exhibits, and illustrate it, I should be more than glad, for otherwise I am afraid the whole affair will be commonplace. But let me show you what I have had sent to me;" and leading her to a seat under a great chestnut-tree, he

took from his coat a large memorandum-book, and produced from it a number of proofs.

Dorothea's cheeks flushed with pleasure. Here was a sketch from Memorial Hall, of a group of artists, and here a Chinese mildly and vacantly showing a bit of old lacquer ware to a fashionable woman. Here was a "chair-boy" wheeling a chair full of little children, and a little "corner in India." Next a sketch of "Woman's Sphere in the Exposition" gave a young woman compositor, who, confused by some visiting and masculine printers, was making "pi" against her will. "The Shoes of the Centennial" were on the feet of a group on the steps of Memorial Hall, and were characteristic of the aged and forlorn foot-covering fashionable in Fairmount Park that year; and these, and other scenes, were nearly all from Dorothea's own industrious pencil.

"Are they a drug at the office?" she asked with a deprecating little smile.

"They are warmly appreciated," he said;

"and you do not know how glad I was to meet you with Miss Hudson."

"Did you know me?" she asked.

"Dorothea Peyton," he replied, "is not a common name, and it has become very familiar to me. I should know your pictures without your little Durer-like monogram."

"Are they so frightfully mannered as that?" she said.

"I won't do it," he exclaimed, "I won't abuse them!"

Dorothea colored.

"I don't want you to compliment them," she cried hastily; and then she felt ashamed of herself, especially as he made no reply, but carefully restored the proofs to their place.

After this, Dorothea had new inspirations; and she began to realize that there were other pleasures in her work beside the sketching itself, and having her work well engraved and printed. Godfrey told her pleasant things he heard about her contributions, and gave her

many an idea upon the treatment of her subjects. He found fault with her, and he praised her; and together they went from Dan to Beersheba finding material for their pens and pencils. That their work was harmonious and good, followed naturally; and when Godfrey was told that it would be republished in book-form they were both well pleased, and exchanged congratulations.

All this time while the fellow-laborers on "The Mail" were growing so well acquainted, and working together, Theodosia took little heed of them, being so much occupied elsewhere; but one night she came all in white, and as cool and pretty as possible, to take tea with Dorothea. As they sat at the table and talked over all that had happened since they met, Dorothea told her how surprised she was when she found Mr. Wayne was one of the editors of "The Mail," and how she wondered that Theodosia had never told her. "You must have known all about it," she said.

"Certainly I did," she replied; "but I did not suppose it would make any difference to you."

"No difference!" cried Dorothea; "and in his pocket he had ever so much of my work, for which he had to write descriptions."

"Don't get excited," said Theodosia, dropping sugar into her weak tea; "of course, if I had known you would have cared, I should have told you; but I supposed you knew he was an editor, and didn't care what he edited."

"Well, I did!" replied Dorothea incoherently, but with warmth.

After this the girls seldom spoke of Godfrey. Dorothea saw that Theodosia had some little feeling against him; while Theodosia, engaged with some Cuban friends whom she really liked, and meant some day to visit, troubled herself very little about her friend's occupations or companions.

One day Godfrey took the picture of the

Moor out of his book, and asked Dorothea if they could not do a good little bit of work on the Moorish exhibit.

"I could make the drawings," she replied; "but I really don't know what you could find to say."

"Trust me for that," he answered; and so one morning he took her to the house, where she at once began to sketch some of the exhibits in brass, while Godfrey looked into the "kitchen," where Yusef was sitting, unpacking some gorgeously painted plates, and asked him where the "*Kouskousu*" dishes were.

"Ah! where is the *Kouskousu?*" cried Yusef: "if you could only taste that, you wouldn't ask about what is the dish."

"I am not sure of that," replied Godfrey: "I don't believe it is very good."

"But it is," said Yusef: "come to Morocco, and you will eat it, and it will be good to you."

"I dare say I should like it better than

some of those perfumed, pomatum-like dishes you serve to strangers."

"They are good," replied Yusef.

"What is '*Kouskousu*'?" said Dorothea, looking up from her paper. She was sitting on a low stool Yusef had given her, and the great brass plate which she was drawing was leaning against the counter. The Moor had not yet arrived; and the Jew was, Yusef said, in New York, buying goods.

"*Kouskousu*, my child," said Godfrey, who was a young man given to sudden expressions of intimacy, "is the national dish of the people of Morocco, which by long training and hereditary influences they have been induced to eat. The way of making is this: First you get some wheat, which in Morocco is hard, and coarsely ground. I don't know whether you pour water on it or not, but you *do* dry it into little balls. You then steam these balls. You also have a stew of chicken, and whatever else you may have that is good;

and you then take out your dish, — certainly you have one here, Yusef?"

"No," replied Yusef slowly: "they must have been bought, — all of them bought."

"Very likely," said Godfrey; "but in Morocco you would have one, and you would make a wall around it of these balls, and in the middle you would pour your stew, and you would call the family, and then all of you would sit around the '*Kouskousu*,' and eat it with your fingers."

"No," said Yusef, who was now coiled up into a little heap in the corner where he could see Dorothea: "in Morocco we have knives and forks, and spoons, and very good ones."

"But do you use them?" said Godfrey. "Tell me, Yusef, doesn't a chicken taste best when you pull it to pieces with your teeth and fingers?"

"It does," Yusef replied: "Allah made fingers and teeth for eating. A cold, hard knife spoils the food."

"But what do you drink out of?" pursued Godfrey: "there is not a cup in your whole exhibit."

"Plenty in Morocco," said Yusef, who was evidently becoming restive, — "as many as an American would have money to buy."

"What *I* should like to buy," said Dorothea, coming to the rescue of Yusef's temper, "would be the house itself."

"I don't know what you would do with it," replied Godfrey. "You could not live in it."

"Oh, yes, I could! I should take out all this merchandise; and I should get Turkish carpets, and divans, and brass lamps; and it should all be so pretty, and so in keeping, that every one would be charmed with it. There should not be a Western angle or color in it; and if you came to see me, Mr. Wayne, you would never want to go away."

"I think that is very likely," he replied; "but even now I do not believe that a Western angle would keep me away from your house."

She laughed. "How can you tell? You have never honored me by a visit."

"You have never asked me to come."

"I am sorry," she replied, a very little confused; "but do you know, I should have fancied, that, had you wanted to come, you would not have waited for a formal invitation."

"Then, you would have been much mistaken," he said coolly: "I should not venture to intrude on a lady who might, for aught I know, desire only a business acquaintance with me."

Dorothea at this moment broke her pencil-point.

"I am sorry if I have offended you," she replied: "I never thought of formality in our acquaintance. Have *I* been so business-like always?"

"In my country," said Yusef, "it is the husband who asks the gentleman to come. The lady would never do it."

Godfrey walked impatiently to the front door, and looked out.

"Ah!" said Yusef softly, "if only *I* could come! But it is not the Arab who can see the lady here."

Dorothea looked a little frightened, but then commanding herself held off her drawing in her hand, and looked at it critically. Then she gathered up her pencils.

"Are you angry?" said the boy in his sweet voice; and at that moment Godfrey turned. There was a lovely flush on Dorothea's cheeks, and she looked a little alarmed.

"He is not your husband," continued Yusef in the same clear, soft tones: "why do you not marry one? Will you not soon be too old?"

Dorothea laughed.

"In my country you would have married one long ago"—

"Come!" said Godfrey in an irritated, impatient tone; and he came back, took Dorothea's book out of her hand, closed it, and offered her the umbrella which had been lying on a pile of baskets. She made no reply, but took her

umbrella, and followed him out of the door, and up one of the paths. Then she stopped.

"I am not going to the Vienna Bakery," she said.

"Neither am I," he replied.

She then turned entirely around, and he was therefore forced to turn also.

"Do you know where you *are* going?" he said.

"Yes. I am going home."

"Nonsense," he replied, but in a gentle tone, and looked at her; but she turned her face away.

"Dorothea," he said.

But she made no reply.

"You do not understand," he continued: "these Orientals do not comprehend our civilization, and such a boy might offend you without meaning it."

"Oh, no!" replied Dorothea: "I — I understand very well; but — I tell you what I do not like, — you misunderstand *me!*"

"Not at all," he said.

"Well, then, why did you speak to me in that tone?"

"I did not mean to offend you."

"And force me to come away as you did?"

"Did you want to stay?"

"No; but I do not like to be ordered."

This extraordinary outburst astounded Godfrey; and he looked at her to see if she were in earnest, and she certainly seemed to be.

"I do not understand," he said: "certainly you did not want to stay there and answer those impertinent questions?"

Dorothea flushed. She had hoped he had not heard Yusef; but as he had, she revenged her mortification on this innocent victim, and made no reply.

"I suppose there are young ladies who like that sort of thing," he said, getting a little heated; "but I supposed you would resent it."

She was still silent.

"Perhaps, however, it is natural for all girls

to coquet, and it is of no importance who is the object of their sport!"

"This is *very* high civilization," she said: "I think I prefer Yusef's to this."

It was now his turn to color.

"I do not want to offend you," he meekly replied.

"Still you can call me a coquette! You treat me as if I were — but it is of no importance."

"Dorothea!" he said; but she paid no attention to him. She switched the leaves with her closed parasol; and he, holding his hands stiffly behind his back, looked steadily ahead. They were walking away from the exit gates, but this was of no consequence.

Then she put up her parasol, and, inclining it toward him, was almost hidden under it. They passed the State Buildings; and both remembered that Dorothea was to make some drawings of grains in the Kansas house, but neither spoke of it.

Presently she hung the parasol over her shoulder, and glanced at him.

"I am tired," she said; and he immediately turned toward one of the porches, and, entering the house, brought her out a chair.

"Will you not sit down?" she said gently.

"No," he answered briefly, and leaned against the railing of the porch.

Dorothea began to run the end of her parasol into a crack between the boards.

"You are unkind," she said.

"Unkind?"

"Why do you repeat me so?"

"Why do you treat me so?"

"I don't!"

At this prompt answer they both smiled.

"Ah, but you do!" he said; and he drew up a stool, and sat down by her.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied with mildness.

"I do not like you to be angry with me."

"Then, why do you call me a coquette? You said horrid things."

"'Horrid'?"

"Yes, horrid."

"I am very sorry," and then he laughed. "How old are you, anyhow?"

This question was so close to one of Yusef's remarks that she laughed also; but she did not commit herself, she said, —

"Why?"

"*I* feel as if I were about fourteen, and carried your books to school," he replied.

"That is very nice," she rejoined; and then she stood up, and shook out her dress, and straightened her hat. He also arose.

That day she made no sketches. They went to Machinery Hall; and there he left her, and she wandered about, and became tired, and so she went home. In the evening she put on a white dress, she tied a black sash around her waist, and ran down stairs. In the little parlor it was cool and green. A rose stood in a glass on the table; and Dorothea, lighting the argand burner, took out her drawing-materials, and

critically regarded her pencils. Then she sat still and thought.

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and she at once began to draw.

When Godfrey entered, she jumped up.

"Why," she said, "I did not expect to see you to-night."

"I suppose not," he replied, holding her hand; "but I have to send the article on those English wares to-morrow, and I knew I ought to ask your opinion upon the illustrations."

She at once sat down, and he at once took out the pictures. They were by a well-known artist. "The Mail" had accepted, paid for them, and they were engraved. It is plain, therefore, that Dorothea's prompt opinion was of immense importance.

Is it possible that even John Knox would have suggested the story of Ananias and Sapphira in such good company?

CHAPTER VI.

"*Food not of angels, but accepted so.*"
— MILTON.

IT is not wise to under-estimate the power of either consanguinity or propinquity, in establishing friendship between a young man and a young woman; but neither condition is more favorable than a quarrel about nothing.

After this evening, the relations between Godfrey Wayne and the young artist became comfortable and friendly in character. They talked and worked together in the spirit of comrades, and found each other on the grounds with the instinct of schoolgirls.

And it was pleasant at the Exposition.

One afternoon Godfrey took Dorothea home. It was a long walk from the grounds to her little house; and she rarely cared to take it after the fatigues of the day, choosing rather the un-

certain capture of a ride in a transfer-wagon, or in the devious street-car.

But this was a day made for walking. It was cool and cloudy, and there was the promise of rain in the air. They went through shaded green streets, passing lawns gay in flowers, and houses embowered in leafiness.

There was nothing tedious in this walk, nor was it too long.

Then Godfrey was asked to stay to dinner. He was standing at the gate of her home when Dorothea invited him. He looked up at the house. It was very enticing. On the porch Mrs. Hardy sat knitting. Holding the gate open, stood Dorothea waiting his answer. Every thing seemed in harmony, and it all invited and delighted him. He made no answer: but he entered, closed the gate, and looked satisfied; and then Dorothea left him in Mrs. Hardy's care, and disappeared into the house.

He sat and talked with Dorothea's house-friend with great content; and as the shadows

lengthened, he told her of his mother, who had died two years before, and said he had never had a home since she left him; and he spoke of what a lonely life a man could live in a great city, until it occurred to him that perhaps he was growing sentimental, and he began to walk around the porch. When he passed the dining-room windows he saw Dorothea, all in white, slender and golden, making salad.

"Do you use oil, or melted butter?" he asked, looking in.

She turned her head, and smiled.

"Oil. Don't you?"

"Always. I could not eat the salad if you used butter."

"And what brand of oil do you prefer?"

"That one," he said, nodding toward her bottle; and then he went into the room to see what make it was.

"But," he next remarked, "I like the chicken very thoroughly chopped. This is not half fine enough."

She handed him the chopper.

"Suit yourself," she said.

Just then Mina entered with a little basket of fresh crisp lettuce she had cut in the garden; and she smiled when she saw this good-looking young man so domesticated. This was as it should be, and the house needed a master.

Then Dorothea put the lettuce into a dainty dish, and declaring the chicken was now mince-meat, heaped it into the centre of the leaves, and began to pour the dressing over it.

"Don't you boil it?" he asked.

"This dressing?"

He nodded assent.

"Never! Do you?"

"Always. I *never* eat it raw."

"My friend," she said, "I am afraid you know more of *Kouskousu* than you do of salad."

"I can speak with more confidence of *Kouskousu*, because, you see, I never tasted any; but I do know you ought to cook that stuff."

"It is not 'stuff,'" she calmly replied: "it

is a very good *mayonnaise*, but I will boil the lettuce if you say so."

"Will it become spinach if you do?"

"It will taste like it," she replied.

He went to the kitchen-door, and opened it.

"Mina," he said, "come get this salad, or your mistress will ruin it."

Mina was dishing potatoes, and she looked up and laughed.

"I will come," she said: "in one moment you shall eat it up."

And then Mina brought in the dinner, and this easy young man went off and brought Mrs. Hardy in; and he sat at the foot of the table, and carved the meat; and he said no house in Morocco could equal those in West Philadelphia; and he was not unlike Dorothea's idea of what a very superior cousin might be.

When they left the table the rain was falling, so they went to the parlor, and sat by the window; and Mrs. Hardy knitted and some-

times slept by the shaded lamp at the end of the room.

How quiet it was! There was no din, no racket. The rain fell softly, the crickets chirped, and the two friends talked idly, and then were silent, and always greatly at ease.

Suddenly Godfrey said after a long pause, —

"You have never spoken to me of Theodosia."

Dorothea looked up in amused wonder.

"What should I say?"

He gave her a puzzled glance, and then he replied, —

"Very true. What should you?"

"I could tell you how very nice she is."

"Oh, I know all about that! But surely — surely you know we were once engaged to be married."

Dorothea was amazed. Then she laughed.

"How stupid! Then it was *you?* Of course I ought to have known it. You were engaged just three weeks?"

"Just three weeks," he repeated. "It does not seem a very serious affair, but it was."

"I am very sorry," she answered.

"For what?"

"That it is over."

For a little while neither spoke; and then he said, looking at the end of the cigar Dorothea had allowed him to smoke, —

"It was a mistake on Theodosia's part. I knew I would disappoint her. She overlooked my little idiosyncrasies at Lake George, because there, you know, they were not so glaring; but in New York — well, it is all for the best."

Dorothea looked out into the darkness and reflected. She remembered Theodosia had told her of "a little dream of happiness;" but Theodosia had so much sentiment, so many platonic and adoring friends, that her individual experiences had not impressed Dorothea. But here was the lover!

Well, — love seemed a light affair!

"Theodosia," continued Godfrey, "ought to marry a Ritualistic clergyman. I have often told her so. The advantage would be, that he would be bound by decorum to *be* all she would like him to seem. Now, I — as you see — smoke. I don't wear store-clothes; sometimes I go to bed when other people get up (I am sure to do it if I am very busy); I don't dance, I do not go to church regularly, and I am not in society, and" —

"I don't like you to laugh at her!" interrupted Dorothea.

He looked at her with mild horror.

"I am not laughing at *her!*" he said, and then he began to repeat Shelley's "Ode to the Nightingale;" and he told her a story that brought the tears to her eyes; and finally she sang him some Tennyson songs; and quite late he went away, joking about the absurd little umbrella Dorothea loaned him.

She sat at her window long, and she thought.

So this man was Theodosia's old lover. But certainly he did not answer the descriptions of the hero of "the dream of happiness!"

Was she sorry that the engagement was broken?

She began to sing little snatches of old Methodist hymns, and then she went to bed.

The next day there came a note from Godfrey. He had gone back to New York. He had found a telegram at his lodgings recalling him at once.

Some one was sick, and he had to take his place on the paper. He had only time to bid Dorothea good-by, and return her umbrella with the best thanks of his hat, which, he assured her, was kept perfectly dry.

Nothing had changed, and yet how stupid the Exposition could be. Dorothea met the Turkish beauty, and at a glance saw that she was of Irish birth, and she was not pretty. It was surprising how tiresome the walks were,

and how rude the people could be. She began to wish she could go to Norway, or to the island of Elba, where there was no World's Fair, with all its noise and confusion.

CHAPTER VII.

"The swan's nest in the reeds."

—MRS. BROWNING.

OUTSIDE of the café proper of the Trois Frères, was a spot dedicated to coffee, and an expensive and insipid frozen custard called "cream." Here visitors, who were not Philadelphians, would sit and try to be happy; but the native of the city scorned the concoction, and, passing it by, sought better, if as expensive, food elsewhere.

Dorothea one day wrote to Theodosia, and invited her to dine with her at the restaurant, and then took the precaution of going there and looking up the waiter who usually served her, and whom she found clearing away some dishes in this outside enclosure.

"Do you think," she said, going in, "that my friend and I could get a table to-day at one o'clock?"

The waiter looked up and said in the most indifferent manner, —

"Indeed, madame, that is what it is impossible to say."

"I would be especially glad" —

"*Oui, oui,* how many would be that! Madame can but try."

Dorothea quietly laid a dollar on the table.

"But one o'clock," said the waiter, staring over at a bed of red geraniums, yet speaking in a sudden and charmingly suave tone, "is the most crowded of the hours. Now, if two o'clock would but suit madame?"

"It would," said Dorothea: "we will be here then at two."

"I cannot promise," he added, waving his left hand; "but to please madame how can I but try?"

Dorothea nodded and went out: and the waiter, hastily putting the money in his pocket, went his way; it was not much, but it was equal to ten "services."

When Dorothea and Theodosia entered the restaurant at two o'clock, all the tables but one were occupied, and at this one there were no chairs. They stood still, and looked around.

"This is rather hopeless," said Theodosia, "unless this table is available."

"We can but ask," said Dorothea, silent about her previous little arrangement; and at that moment her waiter appeared.

"That table? Most certainly, if madame would like it;" and chairs appeared, and the guests were seated.

"This is unusual good fortune," remarked Theodosia, cheerily; but Dorothea, intent on the *menu*, made no reply.

"My dear," she asked, holding the top of her pencil between her lips, "what do you say to a half bottle of wine?"

Theodosia started.

"Wine! What on earth are you thinking about, Dorothea? Imagine us really drinking a bottle of wine at a public restaurant!"

"Very well, — I imagine it! It does not seem very awful."

"And suppose any one should see us?"

"My dear," said Dorothea, "you couldn't help being seen. You couldn't put your glass into your pocket; and the bottle — what would you do with that?"

"It would not be good style to take wine, Dolly. Remember, we are not foreigners."

"Oh, I do! I remember that, Theodosia, every day," said Dorothea, with unnatural fervor, "just suppose we were! Or — and this might be even worse — suppose we had been born in Chicago! But we are too old for that, aren't we?"

"Dorothea," said Theodosia abruptly, "I do hope you don't take wine when you come here alone?"

"When I 'sit solitary,' as our waiter puts it? No, Theodosia, I don't. I couldn't drink a whole bottle; and to leave half would be extravagance, so I never take it."

"Do be sensible."

"I am. But this is a celebration, and I am also happy."

"Why, Dolly? Why are you happy?"

"I will tell you presently. Do you like lobster salad, Theodosia? It is not so terribly cheap, and yet it is not bankrupting."

"Very well," replied Theodosia. "It is not wholesome, but it is good."

"There is no question of what is 'wholesome,' my dear. We confine ourselves to higher considerations. And shall we have *éclairs* for dessert? — but no, they do not cost enough, we could not eat more than thirty-eight cents' worth. If I cannot have the perilous glory of wine, I must be exhilarated by the consciousness of extravagance."

"You are more absurd than ever," asserted Theodosia, "and you astound me! How flush you must be!"

"I am to be. But how about birds? They are a little extravagant, yet" —

"Now, see here," said Theodosia, "I will not eat a dinner on a price-list!"

"Hear the reformed sinner! Theodosia, how many and many a time have we not looked down the right-hand column of a bill of fare, and chosen our meal by the money it cost! Otherwise why should you ever eat stewed oysters? You know you don't like them."

"I don't mind erring on prudence' side," she answered, "and I can eat oysters because I really don't hate them; but I don't want to eat what I don't like, just because it is dear."

"I don't mean to allow you to do so. And you cannot get oysters here at any price: these Frenchmen don't keep them. What I intend is a *dinner*,—a dinner regardless of cost!"

"*Requiescat in pace*, oysters and all," said Theodosia: "here comes your waiter, and your order is not made."

"It is, that is to say, it will be. But," looking up with appealing, teasing eyes, "won't you?—won't you have the Médoc?"

"I will not!" said Theodosia with immense firmness.

"Well then," said Dorothea, "you shall drink coffee. Black, strong, French coffee! And it will set your teeth on edge, and your nerves will be out of order, and you won't sleep to-night, yet to neither tea nor water will I consent;" and she wrote "coffee" in a style that reminded Theodosia of John Hancock's signature on the Declaration of Independence.

Then she began to tell Theodosia funny stories of people at the Exposition; and Theodosia laughed at them, and at the same moment busily wondered why Dorothea was suddenly so full of glee.

When the dinner came, there was a purée of pease, a wonderful chicken in golden jellied gravy, potatoes that looked like browned bubbles, so round and light were they, and some side-dishes which the girls admired with an enthusiasm born of complete ignorance.

"Well," Theodosia said as the dessert, a

miracle of cream, of cake, of perfume, and of no substance, appeared, "I call *this* extravagance!"

"Don't! call it 'justifiable.'"

"Of course it is good," said Theodosia. "I feel like a girl in a book, at one of those dainty lunches we read about; but I could never fancy paying for all this. I wouldn't!"

"And you need not. Don't I tell you it is a celebration, and I keep it like a man and a brother? And now I will tell you!—Fill up with the black coffee, and drink to my prosperity!—I have the largest check I have ever received for my work,—and oh, Theodosia, such a lovely offer!"

"What?" cried Theodosia. "An offer! But not—not from Godfrey Wayne?"

"Not exactly," said Dorothea, "but I am afraid he had something to do with it. I think he has praised me a little, but you know it would have been more satisfactory had it come entirely on my own merits."

"On your own merits, Dorothea!" exclaimed Theodosia. "I do think you are the most extraordinary girl I ever met! I am glad you did not order that claret, or I should think it had gone to your head! What in the world should a man want to marry you for if not your own merits?"

For a moment Dorothea looked at her blankly.

"Not for my fortune, certainly," she said; and then she laughed so gayly that a Frenchman close by turned and looked at her, and that made Theodosia nervous.

"Theodosia! Theodosia!" at last said Dorothea, "you are absolutely too ridiculous! It is not an offer of marriage, you absurd girl. It is a permanent position on 'The Mail'!"

"Is that all?" and Theodosia now looked blank.

"'All'? Why, it is a great deal. Just listen: In the first place, it means independence, and I will not have one worry about my in-

come. It is not hard work; and that means leisure, study, better drawing. And perhaps it means — oh, *now* you must listen! — it means that if I can do some extra work, and if all goes well, I can go to Europe next summer. An offer of marriage, indeed! I would not give a dinner to celebrate *that!*"

"No," said Theodosia in a reflective tone, "I do not suppose you would; and I am glad you like this better, as this is what you have got; and I do congratulate you heartily, and you deserve it, dear."

Then presently she said in a voice with a little choke in it, —

"I should be glad if something could happen to me that would make me one quarter as happy, Dorothy."

"Does happiness lie so very far from you?" Dorothea spoke in a low and tender voice. "It seems to me that you might call back something that once made you glad."

"I am sure I don't know what," replied

Theodosia, tossing her napkin on the table: "what on earth have I lost worth caring for?"

"Indeed, I do not know," said Dorothea, with a coolness bordering upon scorn; "but tell me, should you have been very sorry if my offer had been from Mr. Wayne?"

Theodosia colored.

"I should have been more than sorry," she said.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful noise."
—ANCIENT MARINER.

"AND now," said Dorothea as they came out of the restaurant, "the question is, where shall we go?"

"Where ought you to go?" was Theodosia's reply.

"I am free. I have forgotten the cedars that have been made into pencils, and the vegetable substances which do duty as drawing-paper. I shall go where I please, and I shall see nothing that can 'be used.'"

"Well, then," said Theodosia, "let us keep away from the Main Building, and let us not go near Memorial Hall; because I have been to these places so often as a matter of duty, that I am sure I could find no pleasure in either of them."

"Would you like to shop?" said Dorothea.

"I have no money," she replied.

"Well," said the other, "I made up my mind that I would spend twenty-five dollars at this Exposition, and I have only bought one thing, — a little jar from the Widow Ipsen's exhibit in Denmark; I had to have one of these, you know, they are so awfully pretty: and I have about eighteen or nineteen dollars in my pocket. I will lend you half, and we'll go shopping."

At this offer Theodosia laughed.

"But we can buy a good deal," said Dorothea, "and we can price more. It adds very much to the pleasure of pricing, to know that you are going to buy something else."

"Very well. We will go shopping, but where?"

Dorothea stood still a moment on the burning asphaltum pavement.

"That is the question!" she said reflectively. "I saw a Turk the other day, selling a crucifix

to a Jew; and the remarkable character of the transaction made me stop and look at his stock. He had a very good pair of bracelets. They were not snakes, but regular serpents. They were flexible; and they had a natural, scaly look" —

"Horrible!" cried Theodosia. "You wouldn't wear them!"

"No," said Dorothea; "but they were effective. They would paint well."

Theodosia tilted back her umbrella, and looked at her friend.

"Don't you think your reason for wanting them has a flavor of lead-pencil and drawing-paper, — is, in a word, of 'the shop'?"

"You are right," replied Dorothea. "I will not get them. Not this afternoon, at least. But I tell you what we will do. Go into that little Moorish building, and see if we can get something that will do for a mustard-cup. I think that condiment would be just the thing for their tawdry red and blue ware."

"So it would," assented Theodosia; "but I detest the place."

The house was crowded with people. Yusef was showing some white woollen goods, the Jew was praising blue enamelled pins, and the Moor was still doing his duty by sitting silent and picturesque on his cushions. In the kitchen doorway was a group of Germans; and Dorothea practised the highest form of Exposition politeness by skilfully passing but not pushing them, and so got inside the room.

"Theodosia," she said in a moment, raising her voice slightly, "come in here. I cannot see any thing that will do, but perhaps you can."

Thus invited, Theodosia also made her way into the very small space.

"My dear," she said, "you can buy a bread-plate or a pilgrim-bottle. I am sure there is nothing else that you could use for any purpose whatever."

The voice of a possible customer attracted

the attention of Samuel, who had just sold a basket to a curiosity-hunter; and he came eagerly in, pushing the Germans aside, and saying, —

"It is the best china you will find. It is painted by the hand" — then seeing whom he was addressing, he stopped abruptly. His face flushed, grew livid, and for a moment he was speechless.

His face frightened Theodosia, who saw him before Dorothea did. His glaring, hateful eyes were terrible to her; and she picked up the dish nearest her hand.

"This is what I want. What is the price?"

"It makes no difference to you," he replied in an angry, high voice. "You can buy nothing. You do not want to buy."

"Oh! yes, I do," said Theodosia, willing to take any thing and go.

"You *buy*, indeed! You come to ruin us. Why do you dare to come here? Oh, I know you, — I know you very well! You are the wo-

man who writes," he cried in loud, vehement tones, pressing between the Germans, and screaming with his horrible breath in the very faces of the two girls.

"No!" exclaimed Theodosia; "and you *shall* let us out!"

"I do not mean you!" he shrieked, "but her! That evil one with the yellow hair," pointing his long black finger at Dorothea. "It is she who comes here and talks of *Kouskousu*, and of this, and of that, and puts it all in the papers, and says we are not Moors, and our house was not made in Morocco, and that it is a place for the doll-babies!"

"Do let us get out!" cried Dorothea imploringly to the Germans: "take him away, and let us get out!"

The Germans stared at her with stolid eyes. They did not yet understand what it all meant, and so the idea of moving was preposterous. The shrill voice of the Jew, the cry of Dorothea, rang through the little house; and every

one in it, except the Moor and the Arab, rushed to the kitchen-door; and the girls suddenly faced a crowd of eager, wondering eyes, and back of them all Dorothea saw Yusef dash out of the house.

"Yes, it is she, it is she!" cried the Jew, turning to the people, "she who says Yusef spends his time talking to the Christian girls, and that Ibrahim sleeps; and when the man who sends us here sees it all in the paper, he will say, 'Ah, yes, they are no goot, they talk and laugh, they are no goot at all!' and then we get no monies from him for all our work! We come here to this most miserable country, and we sell a few pennies, and we are told we came not from Morocco! Ah, the holy ones will bear us witness! And see here!" and from his pocket he snatched a letter. "Here is the man, he who has *travelled,* he who *knows* Morocco: does *he* say we are a humbug, and a lazy one?" And he thrust the letter into Dorothea's face.

She moved back. She put up her hand to push it away.

"Read it!" he exclaimed; and being at his terrible mercy, what could she do but take it? She could not read it, the words swam before her eyes; but she saw the name of the writer, she knew it asserted that the house was genuine.

"It is all true," she said, hastily giving it back. "I know you came from Morocco. No one suspects you did not. You don't understand the article. It was very kind. All that was said about this not being Moorish was in jest."

"But *I* do not like a jest," sneered Samuel. "What I like is to speak the truth. And you draw pictures; and" — here he paused, and his face worked in inarticulate rage — "it is Yusef who you have bewitched, and goes he not all the day looking for you?"

This terrible accusation incensed Dorothea. It made her desperate. She locked her um-

brella firmly under her arm; and, like an animated battering-ram, she made a wild and frantic rush to the door. Before this weapon Samuel fell back, the Germans sprang aside, the crowd broke, and the two girls, panting, frightened, pale, and full of horror, madly escaped from the house. The sun was burning hot; but they never thought of the heat or the glare, but went swiftly down the path. When they reached the Government Building, a guard stood at the door gazing out. The sight of this friendly uniform, the sense of possible protection, made the color come back to Dorothea's face; and seizing Theodosia's hand, she drew her into shelter.

Near to a Gatling gun stood two chairs; and into them the girls sank, and looked at each other.

"I shall never go there again," said Theodosia faintly.

"Go there!" cried Dorothea: "I feel as if I never could enter the grounds again! Theo-

dosia, I was never so frightened in all my life!"

"I don't understand it," said Theodosia. "What did he mean? What have you been doing?"

"Nothing! I made sketches of the building, and you know the ones I made of Yusef and of the Moor? My gracious, Theodosia, suppose every person I sketched broke out upon me so! Why, my very life would not be safe!"

"You would die of a nervous fever?" said Theodosia in feeble assent.

"No," said Dorothea: "I would be murdered, assassinated. Wasn't there murder in his eye?"

"Mercy, no!" and Theodosia shuddered. "But what *did* you write?"

"I never wrote a word about them! Mr. Wayne did that, and I illustrated the article. I am sure I don't know why that man should have been so infuriated. Theodosia, is your heart going like the Corliss engine?"

"Like a little one."

"It was a good-natured article, and it ought to have delighted them. Cannot you imagine what he said, and how he laughed about the fountains, and the — oh, I cannot repeat it, but it was a *very* nice article! no one but an idiot could have misunderstood it."

"Very well, Dorothea;" and Theodosia tapped her foot in a resolute manner: "if you will keep up an acquaintance with Godfrey Wayne, you will be forever getting into trouble. *He* won't be injured, but you will."

Dorothea looked at her in sudden anxiety.

"Oh! suppose he hears of this? Theodosia, he would go there. What wouldn't he do! Oh, promise you will never, never tell him! He would be so terribly angry, and there is no knowing what the consequences would be. Promise you will never tell him!"

"Give yourself no uneasiness," said Theodosia, standing up: "*I* shall never speak to him of it."

CHAPTER IX.

"So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall."
— LOCHINVAR.

ABOUT a week after the disagreeable adventure at the house of the Moors, Dorothea was up-stairs one evening looking over the very miscellaneous contents of a bureau-drawer, when Mina came up and told her a man wanted to see her.

"Who is it?" asked her mistress.

"I do not know. He came to the kitchen, and he asked for you."

"Is he a beggar?"

"No," said Mina slowly: "he does not beg, but he is queer. He into the dining-room walked, and he looked around, and when I came up he stood at the stairs and looked after me. He is very queer, but there is no harm in him."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Miss Peyton: "run back again; you know Mrs. Hardy is out, and there is no one down-stairs; all the spoons may be in his pocket this moment!"

Mina laughed and went away; and Dorothea, closing the drawer, slowly followed.

Mina looked out of the dining-room door, and pointed to the parlor. The visitor was in there.

The room was so dimly lighted, that when Dorothea entered she saw no one; but in a moment a figure came from the window into the light.

It was a man wearing a fez.

No ghost could have been as horrible as this apparition; and with a gasping cry Dorothea turned, and rushed to the door.

"Will you not to me say one word?" The soft, plaintive voice was Yusef's.

"No!" cried Dorothea, turning her head: "how dare you come here?"

"You must not be so angry," the Arab replied, stepping quickly between her and the door: "not one hard word could I to you say. Have I not for long days looked for the house where you do live, and it is only to-night that I find you? And now I would tell you that the nose of Samuel it is broken, and in his arm is a cut, and no more will he speak terrible words and frighten you."

"Oh, you horrible creatures!" cried Dorothea. "Is he dead? Have you killed him?"

"No," replied the young fellow: "I could not do that here; but in my own country it would be different, and then I could come back to you."

At this proposal, spoken in the sweetest, most flexible of tones, Dorothea was still more horrified.

"I want you to go away," she said: "I never want to see you again! I know nothing about you."

"But you must listen for one moment," said

Yusef: "I am not the person to hunt so many days for you, and then come quickly when I see you come to the place where your home it is, and go at once away! No, no: you must listen to me!"

"I will not," said Dorothea; "and I want you to go away this minute. I will send for the police if you don't."

"Oh, no!" said Yusef gently, and smiling: "you will not do that. If it is Samuel of whom you are angry, I am not Samuel! I never said to you the words he can say?"

"No," said Dorothea; "but when you knew he was going to say them you ran away."

"But back again I came; and with my knife did I cut him, and with the handle did I break his nose; and never again will he speak to you in such words."

"What do you want?" exclaimed the girl: "is it money? I have none for you."

"No," he replied with dignity: "I do not want money. I have that, and in my country

I have horses. I can have a house like the one we have brought here, and carpets, and all you told the man about; and what I want is that you marry me."

Dorothea laughed. It was not prudent, but she could not help it. This proposal was more astounding than the one to murder Samuel. Yusef did not like the laugh, and his eyes flashed, but he stood perfectly still. Then Dorothea became sensible of her folly, and she said, —

"I want you to go away. This moment, Yusef."

"But you will marry me?"

"I will certainly call a policeman if you do not go at once."

"Why would you not marry me?" continued Yusef, who now had Dorothea hemmed in a corner: "am I not young, and I have money? My father is a chief; and you shall have jewels, and you shall see my country. It is better than this one."

"I never want to see your country!" cried Dorothea, meditating the possibility of a rush out of the room, and wishing for her umbrella. "Nothing would tempt me to see it!"

"Very well," said Yusef: "I could stay here. This is your house? For me it would be very nice!"

"I dare say it would," said Dorothea; "but you must get a wife among your own people. An American girl would not suit you."

"Yes, she would," replied Yusef cheerfully: "the kind I want is just like you. My other wife is little, and she is but all bones, and her hair is not like yours. Your hair — ah, it is beautiful!"

"Your other wife!" repeated Dorothea. "Do you suppose I would marry a man who had another wife?"

"She would not trouble you. I would not let her trouble you. And Fatima is but a little thing. So high;" and he held his hand about three feet from the floor; "and she is very

young. My father got her for me long ago, and for her I care nothing."

"I wish you would go away, Yusef," said Dorothea persuasively.

"But if in this country I stay, and with you live in this nice house," looking complacently around, "what difference can she to you make? She will be far away from you."

"But, Yusef," she continued, trying still to argue, "my friends would not allow me to marry you."

"Ah! to an American what would that differ?" he replied, evidently well informed in regard to her national customs: "the American lady will marry not as her father tells her, but as she will herself please."

"Yusef!" Dorothea was becoming angry. "Will you go?"

For reply, he drew from his dress a necklace, or rather a breast-plate, of glittering, golden coins.

"I have far finer than this," he said, "and all of them shall be yours."

"I do not like it," she said: "it is ugly."

"It is very handsome for you to wear;" and he held it out and shook it.

"It might do for a horse," she replied, not looking at it; "but you don't suppose a Christian lady would wear it?"

He let it drop from one hand to the other, jingling as it fell.

"And you shall have shawls."

"Well" — and she walked to the door. "Good-night, Yusef. You had better go home to Fatima at once, and give her that brass collar — and the house. *She* might like them."

"It is not brass," he cried: "it is of gold."

"Go home," repeated she: "go home to Morocco."

If Yusef was an infidel and an Arab, he still possessed some sensitiveness; and Dorothea's impertinent manner was not lost on him. She could have given him no other rebuff as effectual. He looked at her with a

quiet self-possession that mortified her, turned, and was gone!

When Mrs. Hardy came home she found the house closed and Dorothea sitting up-stairs.

"Has any one been here?" she asked.

"Only a Mohammedan," replied Dorothea.

"Who?"

"First," the girl continued, "he offered to commit a murder for me, and then he wanted to marry me. He offered me horses, shawls, a house, and a great gold cape; and he promised that his other wife — her name is Fatima — should never trouble me."

"I do wish," said Mrs. Hardy, who considered Dorothea a highly unpractical person, "that you would not go to sleep in the parlor when I am out. I assure you it is not safe."

"I did not go to sleep in the parlor."

"Oh, then it is all right! If you had, there might be a burglar in the house this very moment."

"So there might," said Dorothea, laughing;

but she would have been graver had she known Yusef was coiled up in a corner of the porch waiting for morning, when he meant to offer her a new bribe; but in the night he changed his mind, and went softly and swiftly away.

CHAPTER X.

"*When me they fly,*
I am the wings."
— EMERSON.

THE more Dorothea thought over the various performances of the delegation from Morocco, the more annoyed she became. It was very romantic to have an Oriental enemy, and a lover, sprung upon her, but it was not comfortable.

"If I go to the Exposition Samuel will abuse me: if I stay at home Yusef will address me!" and so she determined to go to the sea-shore. She arranged it all as she lay awake in the night. She would write at once to "The Mail," and get a leave of absence, and she would go away as soon as it came. When she returned home she would not be troubled. It never occurred to her to seek either masculine or

legal protection. She had never known either father or brother; and in the few evils that had assailed them, her aunt and she had trusted to the woman's remedy of time, and so had found that most troubles righted themselves.

But when she planned she reckoned ill, and left Theodosia out. On the breakfast-table lay a bulky letter written in that young lady's largest and most English hand, and after Dorothea had poured out Mrs. Hardy's coffee she read it; and this was what it said: —

AUG. 12, 1876.

Tell me, my dear Dolly, how you are getting along this hot weather. It must be sizzling out at the Exposition, and I hope you keep away from it. If you don't, you will, for I want to pay you a visit; and I will see to it that you get no sun-stroke in your zeal for "The Mail." The case is this, my dear, and I hope you will appreciate it. I got away so easily from the Biddle babies that I was surprised, for mamma, you know, insists on hospitality; but she rather urged me off, and gave me a new dress and a lot of pretty lace fixings. So off I went and joined aunt Patty in New York, and came here to the

Catskills. It was all lovely for a week or so, and I had a good time, when one evening into the dining-room marches Mr. Henry Edwards, and was seated at our table; and aunt Patty and the rest were delighted and surprised, while he elaborately described the "accident of his coming!" I am not altogether an idiot, Dorothy dear; and this performance was not up a pair of stairs and behind a deal door, so I could see through it. "Very well," I said to myself, "mamma and aunt Patty have set the scene, and the hero has come on, and now we'll have the little play!" I have been fighting this off for six months, but I soon finished it. I let things go on as they would for a day or two; but the moment came when aunt Patty and Lucy went off to gather wild flowers, and the fascinating Henry and I were left alone. I sat down on a stone, and he looked surprised. He did not, from his past experiences I suppose, expect to so easily detain me. Then *he* sat down, and after a while he became confidential; and when he got so far that he could not go back on himself, I stood up, and of course he had to do the same. Then he wasn't so comfortable, because, you know, I am the tallest; and no man likes to look up to the woman to whom he is proposing, unless, indeed, he kneels at her feet! But he stiffened his knees, and stretched up his spinal column, and went bravely on. But I don't

think he will ever again want to marry me! I was not nice to him. I expect you will say I was heartless; but though I never mentioned Kate Phillips's name I thought of her, and I spoke for her. The mean little creature! If Kate had kept her money he would not have minded her want of beauty; but *he* couldn't marry a girl who was "both ugly and poor," and so he discarded her. And then, *then*, Dolly, he considered ME! Well, he never will again! But it is not nice here. Aunt Patty says she has the neuralgia, and perhaps she has; but I think if I were out of her sight she would get better. So I am going to leave. And I don't want to go home. Mamma is going to Narragansett next week, and I am afraid I will give her the neuralgia too; and I am not well enough to fight the fight into which I shall be forced, so won't you please begin to feel how much you want me, and won't you write me (by the next mail) a nice little "open" letter in which you will tell me so, and thus rescue your loving

THEODOSIA.

When Dorothea had read this letter she laughed, and looking up said, —

"Mrs. Hardy, Theodosia, I think, will be here to-night."

She knew this young woman well enough to be sure she would not wait for an "open letter," but having made up her mind, would start at once. Still Dorothea wrote the letter, with one to New York, and sent Mina with them to the nearest lamp-post-box. Then she began to set her house in order, and prepare for an absence from home. She was still determined to go, having no doubt of Theodosia's willingness to accompany her. It seemed a great gain to have a companion.

When Mrs. Hardy came to ask about the room for their coming guest, Dorothea told her she wanted to arrange it herself. How busy she was! She dusted, she placed all sorts of fresh mats and fancy towels in the room. She hung some new pictures, and gathered flowers. She put books about, and made it all so pretty and cosey that Mina said it looked as if some one had just gone out of it, instead of its being arranged for some one to come in. All day Dorothea went about her

house, looking into closets, arranging flowers, putting away unnecessary clothing, and enjoying the now rare luxury of a week-day at home, and a holiday from her pencil. She thought of the sea-breezes with delight, of the waves, and of sailing, and perhaps of fishing. Never since her aunt left her had Dorothea seemed so joyous, so full of happiness. She meant to have the fun of telling Theodosia about Yusef, for she knew how shocked her friend would be. Theodosia did not value her own beauty unduly, but she was so accustomed to attention that she took even a declaration as a matter of course; yet when such a thing happened to Dorothea, she always felt as if it ought to be explained. Dorothea laughed to herself as she fancied Theodosia asserting that Yusef must have had some encouragement, and assuring her that sometimes she — that is, Dorothea — hardly knew how familiar and cordial she was with people who were her inferiors, and how she was therefore misunderstood.

Dorothea had received these admonitions more than once, and she did not now tremble because of them.

In the evening Theodosia arrived, just as Dorothea had expected.

"It was the luckiest thing in the world," she said: "even mamma became tired of the cousins, and she has shut up the house, and gone to Narragansett before the time she had appointed. And aunt Patty suddenly made up her mind to go to Niagara, and as I could not afford that, here I am."

"I knew some wind would blow you, even if it came from the south," said Dorothea; "and your room, my dear, is all ready, and your plate is on the table."

Then Theodosia gave her a hug, and told her she was a duck of a prophet, and so happy and excited she went up-stairs to get ready for dinner.

Dorothea listened to all her stories of the Catskills, and laughed with her over the adven-

tures of Mr. Henry Edwards; and then, late in the evening, asked if she did not want to go to the seashore.

"No, indeed," replied Theodosia promptly: "I want to stay here, — just here, with you."

"But I think of going," said Dorothea: "I want a holiday."

"Now?" cried Theodosia.

"Just as soon as I hear from New York. I have written and asked for 'leave.'"

"I do not believe they will let you go," said Theodosia.

"There will be no trouble about that, I think," said Dorothea. "They have a number of sketches on hand; and if more are needed, I have studies I can finish at the sea-shore, and send them on."

For a few moments neither spoke. Dorothea could not help feeling a little annoyed at Theodosia's evident disappointment and reluctance. She was now so anxious to go, so hungry for sea-air, so tired of the crowds, the

glare and heat of the Exposition, that she could not bear to disappoint herself.

Presently Theodosia said, "I suppose you know Mr. Wayne has come back?"

"No," exclaimed Dorothea: "when did he come?"

"I met him on the train; and Dolly dear, from something he said, I fancy that they have some special work for you to do."

"It will have to wait!" Dorothea impatiently cried; "I *must* go away!"

"You need not let me be any hinderance to you," said Theodosia. "I can go home, of course. It will be very lonely, but the servants are there, and I can be very comfortable. Mamma will think it very queer, but even *that* I can explain."

"I am sure it is easily explained," said Dorothea, still more provoked. "Of course, if I had known you were coming, I would have made different arrangements; but your mamma will understand that I must go when my 'leave'

begins, or I will lose my holiday altogether."

"Why do you say 'leave,' Dolly?" said Theodosia, recovering her brightness: "it sounds as if you were a soldier. It is — it is — well" —

"Shoppy?" said Dorothea.

Theodosia laughed. "That is just what it is! But are you *sure*, Dolly, that they will want you to go just now?"

Dorothea always distrusted Theodosia when she called her "Dolly." It always seemed like an affectation of affection meant to disguise some private little plan or grievance. And yet she had no reason for distrusting Theodosia's affection, but instead often reproached herself with not returning it with equal warmth; her only comfort being that Theodosia had more time, and perhaps more talent, than she, for friendship.

"I shall have to wait to hear from 'The Mail,'" she said; and then she began to tell about a dinner where some Englishmen were

invited to meet the Chinese Commissioners, and how with great politeness, and some self-sacrifice, the English ate of each of the dishes prepared for the Celestials, while the latter declined every thing they could, in favor of roast beef and ice-cream.

She did not tell her of Yusef's visit. For some unexplained reason they were not in tune for confidences, and the talk ran upon all sorts of outside topics.

When, however, they went up-stairs together, and Dorothea lingered a moment in Theodosia's room, her visitor kissed her warmly, holding her hands.

"Darling," she said, "was I cross? I will go with you anywhere."

"I am not sure of going," Dorothea answered, "and we may, after all, have a good time here together. Don't lie awake thinking about it!"

Theodosia still held Dorothea's hands.

"Shall I come sleep with you?" she said.

Dorothea smiled.

"Oh, you will be so much more comfortable here!"

"Well, good-night, you dear old bear," said Theodosia. "It is ever so much better for me not to sleep with you, because I might keep you awake half the night. I have something *very* important to tell you, and I am going to take some advice you once gave me."

"We will talk it all over to-morrow;" and then Dorothea kissed her guest, and left her.

Theodosia's news was not very important, and had, indeed, no foundation, except in her own fancy and some revived feeling; but if she had told it to Dorothea that night it might have altered the future of both of the girls.

CHAPTER XI.

"*The Moors are moving forward.*"

—POEM OF THE CID.

WHEN Yusef came to the United States he was possessed of much of the information common to foreigners concerning the country. He knew it was large; he knew that we were all rich, and desirous of bestowing our riches on foreign-born people; and he also knew it was always either hot or cold.

During the Centennial summer he decided it was always hot, but as yet he had had little opportunity of knowing much of its size or its money, although he had acquired other knowledge. He was, however, not entirely new to Christian civilization. In his various experiences as donkey-driver, guide, interpreter, servant, he had known many Christians, and he

had learned to speak English, French, and Spanish, with some skill.

He also had reason to reflect upon domesticating himself outside of Morocco. Before he left Tangiers he had become involved in some little affairs that made the city uncomfortable, and now he also had Samuel to consider. As he had told Dorothea, he had broken Samuel's nose, and had — although he did not mention this — avenged several wrongs of his own in doing so. The trouble, however, was that when they returned to Morocco, Samuel could appeal to the legal authorities, and, in turn, have Yusef's nose broken, and this Mosaic arrangement did not please the Arab.

He determined he would not return to Morocco.

It suited him very well to marry Dorothea. She was an angel of beauty, and her house pleased him. If he could have done so, he would have bought her; but as he was not in Morocco, he was saved the expense even at

the risk of greater uncertainty. He was not at all disheartened by Dorothea's refusal, because he was a reasonable person, and even in America angels owning houses might not be had for the asking. What puzzled him was the next step. As he lay coiled up on Dorothea's porch the night of his proposal, and thought over these matters, it occurred to him that he would ask advice from a friend, an Irishman who worked on a printing-press in Machinery Hall; and this plan had decided him to go away when he did.

The next day he resolved to see Dennis Flaherty, the friend in question; but it was not very easy to get away from his own exhibit between twelve and one o'clock, when he knew the Irishman would be disengaged. Still there was the will, and the Arab found the way, and finally eluded the watchful eyes of the Jew by gradually working his way to the door carrying a box of sleeve-buttons, and followed by an eager crowd of boys who were sorely tempted

to buy; and once there, he slipped the buttons into his jacket, and was off like a deer, to Machinery Hall, and, by good favor of the prophet, met his friend Flaherty just going out.

It was not a difficult state of affairs for the Irishman to comprehend. Here was a very good-looking young man, — barring his being a foreigner, and no Christian, — in love with a young lady.

"But will she have you, Joseph?" said he.

"She will if she has to," Yusef replied.

"Yes, yes, I see," said Flaherty. "She wants you, but she has reasons for *saying* 'No.' In her heart she says 'Yes.' Is it her friends she's afraid of?"

Yusef nodded.

"She says that never would they let her marry me."

"You'd better run off with her, my boy," said Flaherty: "wouldn't she like that?"

Yusef laughed in delight.

Run away with her! "Two Englishmen, Indians, fire and smoke, and they sailed and they sailed until they were safe!"

"She *would* like that!" he said in a rapture, and then Flaherty advised him to try it, and rely on him if it was help he wanted, and then there was a noise of steam-whistles, and the great fog-horn cried out in gigantic agony, and it was one o'clock, and so Flaherty was forced to go back to his press, and Yusef returned to his own place, and in silence faced the warm reproaches of Samuel. But the more the Arab reflected on the scheme of running away with Dorothea, the less sure he was of its wisdom. For one thing, he did not want to run away from her house. Since he had seen it he liked it, and he was not sure how these things were arranged in America. In Morocco no one could steal a girl, and then expect to go back to her home and live there. In this country things might be different; but there was no need of being rash, and sacrificing any thing.

By means of judicious questions, asked at a cigar-store not far from her house, Yusef had learned that Dorothea had no father or brother who would be troublesome, and this far the way was clear. It was true she was so pretty, so very much better than Fatima, that he would have been willing to have married her without any dowry, but what was the use if he could get one! Now, if she were in Morocco! Ah, he would then know just what to do — and suddenly he became conscious of a most horrible blunder that he had made. He looked down at his gray pantaloons, his braided jacket, with scorn. He dashed his fez on the ground, and leaped into the air, so disgusted, so angry was he; and he burst out of the house, and ran back to Machinery Hall, where he found Flaherty busy running his press.

"For one moment stop!" he cried.

"What do you want?" shouted Flaherty.

"It was in these! In these, I visited her," cried Yusef, giving another frantic leap into

the air, and clutching his ears as he came down. "Do you suppose in Morocco could I have done this? By the prophet, I was dirty, I was dressed like an infidel and a slave!"

"By Moses," said Flaherty to the foreman, "I must see what sort of a fit this boy has! He'll jump into a machine in a minute, and be ground up, and so beyond repairs." And the Irishman came out of his enclosure, and led Yusef away to a spot where there was less din and confusion.

"Now what is it?" he said.

"It was in *these!!*" cried Yusef.

"It was?" repeated Flaherty; "an' if I may be so bold, what was it?"

"I went to see her, my bride, in clothes such as these," said Yusef anxiously, "and it was a wrong thing. In Morocco would I have done it? No, I would not."

"Well, they are not very festive," said Flaherty; "haven't you any better?"

"I have," replied Yusef: "I have clothing

of blue, and of scarlet; I have slippers of gold, and snow-white is also my dress."

"That would be truly gorgeous," said Flaherty; "but you know that isn't the kind of thing our young sparks wear here. You can't go courting a Christian lady in gold slippers and a red coat."

"And what then will I wear?"

"Well," said Flaherty, throwing his mind into the subject, "you ought to have a swallow-tail — but I suppose you don't know what that means? It's a black coat with the tails cut off in front, you see; and you should have a white vest, and a blue tie, and a pair of nice light trousers, and a high hat."

"Like his?" said Yusef, pointing to a man near them.

"Exactly, but newer, better."

"I would never wear *that!*" exclaimed Yusef. "The coat and the trousers might I take, but never the hat that iron binds the head, and falls off of itself. And she likes

this," taking off his fez, and looking at it.

"Then perhaps she might be liking the rest of your traps, the red and gold and all that!"

"She likes Ibrahim. She made the picture of him in his dress, but she made it of me with this."

"Try her," said Flaherty; "there's no accounting for a lady's taste. Put on your own clothes, and try her. Are they like the ones the Turks wear?"

Yusef reflectively scratched the back of his neck.

"In Morocco she would like it. And I have jewels."

"Dazzle her, dazzle her!" replied his adviser; "go to her like Solomon in all his glory, and dazzle her! I would like to see you after you are arrayed, Joseph."

"I don't know," said Yusef in doubt; "perhaps I had better not marry her?"

"Not marry her!" exclaimed Flaherty, "well,

you are a faint heart! Marry her, of course. Dress yourself as fine as you can, ask her again, and marry her off, and it's me that'll come to your weddin'."

"She isn't like Fatima," said Yusef.

As Flaherty had no idea who Fatima was, he expressed no opinion upon this subject, but he again advised Yusef to marry the Christian, and wished him a safe conversion and a true baptism. Then, as he could see the foreman growing wilder and more imperative in his beckoning, he was forced to return to his press, and he shook hands with the Arab, and bid him be of good heart.

Still Yusef could not decide what he had best do, except return to his original intention, and marry Dorothea.

CHAPTER XII.

"I am warm with the summers which are not yet."
—SIDNEY DOBELL.

ALL unconscious of these plots against her liberty and her peace, Dorothea, the same day, roved around the Exposition, persuading herself that she was on the search for "studies" to be utilized during her vacation. She looked at a great many people, but they were equally uninteresting, and she was tired of the exhibits. It was not easy to decide upon subjects, and there was nothing above the level of the commonplace. She sketched some Shakers, but they were not picturesque; and she then went into the Government Building, and tried to entertain herself making a picture of the square and wooden soldiers exhibited as models of the navy and army by her country. But they were stupid, and to-day

not funny; and she began to wish Theodosia had come with her, but Theodosia was too tired. She had come to breakfast late, and had complained that she had not slept.

It was getting hotter and hotter, and Dorothea had half a mind to go home and rest there in peace; and as she was standing in the sun deliberating, some one behind her said, —

"Allow me," and Godfrey raised her umbrella, and held it over her head.

"Don't you think it is rather hot to stand in this blaze without any shade over you?" he asked.

Dorothea smiled contentedly.

"I would have put it up in a moment," referring to the umbrella: "I was considering."

"What?" he said.

"Whether I should go home."

"Do you know what time it is?" said he. "It is not eleven o'clock: you certainly do not want to go yet?"

"I am in no hurry," she replied: "have you just come?"

"Oh, no!" he answered: "I have been sitting over there," pointing to a bench now well crowded with a family of Polish Jews, "all the morning. I have been waiting for you."

"For me!" repeated Dorothea. "Why in the world did you imagine I would come over here? This is not my daily walk! Indeed, I had a great mind not to come out to-day at all."

"I felt sure you would come; and I resolved to sit on the seventh bench from the gate, and watch for you. That is the seventh."

"How nonsensical!" said Dorothea; and turning she walked down the path, Godfrey carrying the umbrella.

"You look very well," he said.

"So I am. I am always well."

"Happy mortal!" he replied.

After a while she asked him if he meant to stay long.

"I am going to work by the day," he said,

"and not by the job! I mean to stay as long as I can. Are you sorry?"

"Oh, no!" she said, "but is it not rather warm weather? I want to go away to the seashore."

"But you cannot do that, you know!" and he stopped still, and looked in her face.

"Won't I get leave?" she said, looking unconcernedly ahead.

"Have you asked for it?"

"Yes. I wrote yesterday."

"That's too bad!" said he, now a little annoyed. "How stupid it is to try and surprise people! I ought to have written to you, and yet I did want to tell you the news myself!"

Dorothea looked up at him inquiringly.

"If I ought to stay," she said, "of course I will."

"'If you ought'!" he repeated, "you poor little pigeon! I will not allow you to stay. You are not to do it!"

"Very well," she said: "of what complexion is your news?"

"Red, rosy red! You know our article about the Moors?"

"Indeed I do!" she exclaimed, "there is nothing I remember better."

"It has brought us good fortune."

"I am glad of that," she said dryly.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. Tell me your news."

"Well, it attracted the attention of 'The Magazine of Arts;' and I had a letter from the editor asking me to come and see him, and he wants two just such articles, one on the Turks, and the other on Spain. I am to write them, and you, mamselle, are to make as many pretty pictures as you please for them."

"I cannot do it," Dorothea said abruptly.

"But you must! Think what an opportunity you will have. Why, it will be delightful work, and we will make our immortal reputation on it. I am all eagerness to begin."

"I do not object to the work. It is the subject. Mr. Wayne, I *won't* have any thing to do with an Oriental — with any man who wears a fez!"

"I wear one," he said meekly, "for a smoking-cap."

"Very well," she replied: "you know the consequences. But seriously, I do not want to have any thing to do with these Eastern people. I am disgusted with them! I am afraid of them!"

"Now, that is nonsense! Why should you be afraid of them?"

"I am," she said.

He looked down upon her with a comprehensive and masculine pity.

"What curious creatures you are! When I went away you were cultivating Yusef" —

"Oh, no," she cried, "not cultivating!"

"Patronizing? Won't that do? Well, you approved of him" —

"Pardon me," she said: "I have always been perfectly indifferent to — that person."

He gently raised his eyebrows.

"I am not going to draw any of them!" she exclaimed: "if you want sketches of your 'Jews, infidels, and Turks,' you must get some one else to make them."

"And I have my articles blocked out."

"It is stupid — the subjects, I mean. What can any one have to say of the Turks? They are horrid-looking men, and I am sure their exhibit is not of artistic importance."

"You are terribly cross," he said: "what can I have done to offend you?"

"I am tired."

He took her hand, and drew it through his arm.

"It is too hot," he said, "and you shall work no more. You shall go to the seashore to morrow. Look here!" he cried to a chair-boy who was hurrying by, "is that chair engaged?"

The boy — who was about fifty, and was nearly desiccated by the wear of a life spent

in repairing tins and umbrellas — stopped as if he had been shot.

"No, sir," he said.

"Come," said Godfrey.

"Who?" exclaimed Dorothea.

"You," he replied.

"But I never rode in one of those things."

"After this morning you can never say so again."

"And I don't want to."

Godfrey put down the umbrella, and held out his hand.

"Get in," he said.

"It is ridiculous," she exclaimed: "they are meant for sick people."

"For tired ones; for any one who is nice and amiable, and not obstinate."

Dorothea looked at the chair as if it wore a fez, and yet she was very tired.

Then Godfrey again took her hand, and she obeyed him, and seated herself in the chair.

"Do I look as if I had the gout, or weak

ankles?" she asked. "Do you suppose that every one who meets me will wonder what is the matter with such a red-faced woman as I am?"

"How well you describe your appearance!" said Godfrey: "every one will fancy you have the consumption. You have a hectic flush."

The flush grew a little deeper; but as it could not have been because of what Godfrey said, it must have been because of what he looked.

"Do you mean to walk by my side while I am being pushed along in this absurd manner?"

"Certainly. No, upon second thought, I will push you."

"If you do," she said, suddenly turning and knocking off the chair-boy's hat with her impulsive umbrella, "if you do, I'll get out!—Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Not at all," said the *ci-devant* tinker, and he briskly stepped aside; "but you know you will have to get a ticket for the chair."

"Where?" asked Godfrey.

The chair-boy looked vacantly around.

"I guess Government Building is as near as any other."

So they turned and went back to Government Building, where the models looked as clumsy, yet more comical, than they had a half-hour before; and then, all the business arrangements being settled, Godfrey started off with his chair.

"If you could lean forward," said Dorothea, when they were out in the sun again, "I could tilt my umbrella over your head."

"I would as lief not," he answered: "you see my hat is a new one, and the chair-boy's was not."

"I wouldn't do it twice. You know I could not."

"I won't trust you."

"Am I not very heavy?"

"No. How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and six. I wish you had a

chair. It would give my misery comfort to see some one else being propelled in this ridiculous way."

"Are you not comfortable?"

"Very."

"Where shall I take you?"

"Indeed," replied she, "I have nothing to do with this performance. I have nothing to say."

"Then," he said, "I will take you into the Main Building, and then you will — after you see our material — have the most eager desire to help me in the Turco-Spanish articles."

"I will not go *there!*" cried Dorothea, shutting down her umbrella, and putting her hands on the arms of the chair, "and I will get out this minute if you don't stop at once!"

"Well then," said he, turning the chair, "to punish you for your sins, for your obstinacy and disregard of my better judgment, I am going to take you into the Woman's Building, and you shall spend there the forty minutes left of our hour."

"Very well," she answered. "It is nice and comfortable there; and you cannot get in, because you cannot get this chair up the steps."

"I will find another 'chair-boy' to help me," he replied: "that is easy enough."

It may have been very "nice" in this building, but it was very crowded. The looms were rattling, the printing-press was at work, and a woman with a little flag in each hand was calling attention to her patent dish-washing machine.

"This is the sort of a sphere that sings as it goes," said Godfrey, stopping by the fountain, and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I made a mistake," said Dorothea: "I weigh six hundred and one pounds. Don't you think we could find a quiet corner where I could rest myself?"

Godfrey smiled at this; but with skill, and slowly, he wheeled the chair through the stream of people into the space devoted to women's work in the fine arts, and there he

found refuge under some pictures from Denmark.

Dorothea at once stepped out of the chair.

"Now," she said, "I feel sane again. For the last half-hour I have been an idiot."

"Does the chair have that effect?"

"Try it," she said, sitting down on a little step.

Godfrey mounted it.

"It is charming," he said. "Now I know how to see the Exposition, and from this time I shall write with inspiration unfettered by fatigue. A pencil, paper, and a chair, and around and around I go, and I write at mine ease in my ship of the desert."

"It will be expensive," said Dorothea; "but you are all millionnaires on 'The Mail.'"

At two o'clock they dined on beefsteak, on balloon potatoes, and coffee, at the *Trois Frères;* and she related her attempt to persuade Theodosia to order wine, and Godfrey tried to make her tell him why she so disliked the proposed

Turkish article. In Godfrey's presence the coarse assault made by the Jew, the proposals of Yusef, mortified her. She hated to think of them, and to speak of them was impossible.

At half-past three they parted, she going to the English House, and he to the Press Rooms; but at six o'clock he happened — as such things do happen when we are young, and when *she* is near — to be waiting at the gate just as she was going out, and he asked her to stay and see the sunset. She refused, and he persuaded; she told him why she could not, and he proved that she could. Then she said she would not, and he was silent.

And she stayed.

How charming Fairmount Park was that evening, even in the Exposition enclosure! The grass was so green, the flowers so brilliant: the great trees told of the ancient forest. The crowd had gone, the buildings were all closed; and the two fellow-workers on "The Mail"

felt as if the sun was setting, the shadows deepened for them, for them only. The happy crickets began to chirp, the grass was full of fireflies: here and there another delaying couple strayed under the shadowing trees, and a belated foreigner hurried past.

The hour and the place hushed all the gay nonsense of the day; and Dorothea and Godfrey spoke seriously, frankly, to each other. He had come from New York to ask her to join him in these magazine-articles, but when they finally parted she had not yet consented. They were, however, engaged to be married; and this was surprising and unexpected to both of them. Having gained this point, Dorothea's illustrations to his text were of little importance to Godfrey, and he forgot all about them.

Dorothea had, however, remembered Theodosia. When Godfrey told her how much power she had over his destiny and his happiness, she recalled how recently he had been

the lover of her friend, and she honestly told him so.

He looked pained when she said this.

"Dorothea," he said, "that was a mistake."

"And this?"

"I wish I could make you understand the difference without saying any thing," he replied. "Did I even think I loved Theodosia? Do you know, I would doubt it if I did not remember I was to have married her. How could I have fancied that I *loved* her! The feeling I have for you is as new as if you were Eve, and I were Adam. You cannot imagine how strange, how complete, is this power you have over me. If I had known what love is, do you think I should for one moment have believed that I could live without *you?* 'Waited for you?' Dorothea, I would have gone the world over looking for you!"

With this young and ardent lover asking for the consent her heart had already given, Dorothea's eyes, her sensitive face, spoke for her.

It was not necessary for her to say she loved him. When she looked up at him he knew it.

When a man is in earnest about it, he does not find it impossible to persuade a woman that he loves her better than he did any of her predecessors; and Godfrey was now so entirely sincere, so hopelessly and helplessly in love, that Dorothea could not have doubted him even if she had not meant to believe him.

The glow was gone out of the sky before they left the fountain, and the stars were out when they reached the gate, by such slow and circuitous ways did they go: but fortune and the late hour favored them; and they found a little red cab with a sleepy driver waiting for passengers, and Godfrey took Dorothea home in it. He would not come into the house, but lingered one moment at the gate.

"But," said Dorothea with the cruel mischievousness of power, "don't you want to see Theodosia?"

Godfrey looked earnestly at her.

"You must be good to her," he said.

And Dorothea went into the house wondering what he meant.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried me."
—BYRON.

HOW quiet the house seemed! The light burned dimly in the hall. Everywhere else there was darkness. Dorothea never entered her home without missing the tender smile of welcome, the gay and pleased greeting, to which she had all her life before been used; but to-night the silence, the almost desolation, chilled her. She called, "Theodosia! Theodosia! Where are you?"

"Hush!" cried a suppressed voice; and Mrs. Hardy with a candle in her hand appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Miss Hudson is very ill," she said: "I am so glad you have come! I am half crazy. Mina is out, and Miss Hudson is raving with fever."

Dorothea flew up the stairs, and in a moment was in Theodosia's room.

"Oh, yes!" Theodosia wildly cried. "You come up alone, but I heard Godfrey talking to you at the gate! I suppose he told you he despised me, but he does not. He loves me! Don't you suppose I know it? Why, yesterday he could not trust himself with me! He did not care to smoke: that was not the reason he stayed so long in the smoking-car. He thought of the journey from Lake George to New York. Oh, yes, he loves me just as much as he ever did! I saw it in his eyes; but I — well, I have not decided yet! You need not speak to him about it."

And then she turned her head away, and closed her eyes.

"How long has she been so ill?" exclaimed Dorothea, greatly shocked. "Have you sent for a doctor?"

"She came down to lunch," said Mrs. Hardy, "but she would not eat any thing. She said

her head ached. Then she came up here; and I did not disturb her until about an hour ago, when I wondered why she had not appeared, and I came up to see about her. She began talking in this way as soon as I came in, but not about Mr. Wayne. O Miss Dorothea! what shall we do?"

"Send for a doctor," said Dorothea.

"But her mother is homœopathic," said Mrs. Hardy.

"There are homœopathic doctors," said Dorothea fiercely. "You ought to have had one at once."

"I couldn't," replied Mrs. Hardy with dignity. "Mina is out, and I could not leave Miss Hudson alone. She might have jumped out of the window."

"I will go," said Dorothea, picking up her hat, which she had thrown on a chair.

"Don't go away," said Theodosia, opening her eyes again. "You have been gone so long. Stay, Dorothy!"

"I will be back in one moment," she answered, and hurried away; but as she ran down the path her dress was gently caught by a hand, and she was detained.

Turning her head she saw Yusef. She drew her dress away quickly, and with a gesture of impatience.

"I will go," said he. "I heard you. What you want is the doctor. I was up the stairs. I was looking for you."

Dorothea stood still, but said nothing.

"Cannot I go the faster?" he continued close at her side. "I can for you fly!"

"Very well," cried Dorothea. "Go, go! Just down the street is a green stone house, and on the window is a sign, Dr. Towne. Can you read?"

"I know! Dr. Towne, on the window," he replied, looking intently and intelligently at her.

"Bring him at once. Don't let him wait one moment. Tell him a lady is very ill.

Now remember, — Dr. Towne, and he must hurry."

"Very good," said Yusef; and he thrust a soft white bundle into her arms, and disappeared in a sudden and surprising flash of color.

Dorothea then returned to the house; dropped the Arab's bundle on a chair in the hall, and ran up stairs to Theodosia's room.

The girl's eyes were brilliant and glassy with fever, her cheeks were burning. She moaned, and threw her head from side to side, and incessantly asked for water.

"She must be undressed," said Dorothea; and she began to unbutton the pale pink wrapper Theodosia wore. But she put her hand quickly to her throat, and held her dress together.

"I expect company to-night," she said, "and in a few moments I must get dressed. It is not worth while yet."

"But let me take this off," said Dorothea quietly. "It is very warm. I will make you more comfortable."

Theodosia still kept her hand on her dress.

"Dorothea, that person has been standing by this bed staring at me for an hour. I wish you would send her away!"

Dorothea smiled, but Mrs. Hardy was not pleased.

"I have not stared at her," she said: "I have tried to soothe her, but if she objects to my"—

"*Help! Is there any one in this house? Help, I say!*"

Mrs. Hardy ran out of the room, followed by Dorothea. It was a loud, vigorous voice, and it was down-stairs; and again it shouted, —

"*You villain! Out, out, I say!*"

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Hardy, standing still, half way down the stairs, turning a white, disconcerted face toward Dorothea.

In the lower hall stood Yusef all radiant in rose-color, blue, and gold; and he held a very stout and very red man by the shoulders. The Arab's white teeth were set, his fez was on the back of his head, and he had his victim at

the foot of the stairs, pushing him on. The man was vigorously resisting. He had on no hat, his coat was half off; the veins of his face were swollen with angry blood, and in hoarse passionate tones he cried again, —

"Is there any one in this house?"

"O! what is it? O Yusef! what are you doing? Who is he?" shrieked Dorothea, darting down the stairs. "Do let him go!"

Yusef's hands fell at once, and his captive was free. The man drew on his coat, and wiped his face with a large silk handkerchief.

"This is outrageous! perfectly outrageous!" he said in a voice choked with anger. "Why, I never heard of such a performance! I do not understand how you dare permit it!"

"'*Permit* it'!" repeated Dorothea. "I 'permit it'! Why, how could I prevent it? I don't understand it. Perhaps you" —

But no, he certainly was not a burglar!

"I hold you responsible," he said: "some one *shall* be! And if this lunatic, madame,

this — this circus-dancer, belongs to you, I would advise you to keep him in the house."

Yusef looked at her in anxious appeal.

"He would not come," he said. "It was in the morning he would see the lady. He was busy now. So I just said 'Come;' and I took him by the hand, and he came, and now upstairs he will not go!"

"He 'took me by the hand'!" repeated the victim, glaring at Dorothea, and at Mrs. Hardy who was still petrified and horrified on the stairs, — "he took me by the hand indeed! He caught me with a grasp like a trap; he dragged me out of my own house, my own house, madame! He tore down the street with me. I am out of breath, I have no hat. I will see that I have justice, madame!"

"He would not come," said Yusef calmly.

"'Come'!" cried the other: "I will GO! I will have the police here! Do you think, you miserable buffoon, that the laws of this country will not protect a physician?"

"Oh! are you Dr. Towne?" exclaimed Dorothea.

"Of course I am! Who else should I be?"

"But you must excuse him. He is an Arab. He does not know any better. I told him to be sure and bring you. Surely when you see how ill my friend is, you will pardon him."

Would that the doctor's look of unutterable contempt could be put on paper! He said not a word; but giving his coat another pull, he turned to go.

Yusef quietly stepped in front of him.

The Arab wore a rose-colored caftan; his short and full trousers came only to his knees; his brown and sinewy legs were bare, and he had on golden yellow slippers. He was radiant and superb in this dress. He did not speak. His arms fell lightly, but his eyes were fixed and resolute. He looked like a panther ready for a spring.

"Call him off! At once!" cried the doctor to Mrs. Hardy.

The good woman answered not a word; but Dorothea, her face anxious and eager, took the doctor by the arm.

"But you will go up and see her? She is so very ill! Surely you will not mind."

"I certainly will *not* see her. No man with a grain of self-respect would attend under these circumstances."

"Oh! but up you must go," said Yusef placidly. "It was for that I brought you."

The doctor looked at him; but such eyes as he possessed could not make Yusef quail, and he simply repeated in the same re-assuring tone, —

"Oh, yes, you *must* go up!"

"*Idiot!*" said the doctor; and making a heavy spring, he thought to pass him. The Arab quietly caught him by the shoulder, and put him back.

"Let him go," said Dorothea, now angry in her turn: "he has no feeling. Let him go!"

"Look! Miss Dorothea!" called Mrs. Hardy, "look!"

Theodosia was coming down-stairs. The sound of voices had attracted her. She was holding tightly to the stair-rail, and moved with a dazed, cautious air.

"Tell her," she said in the most plaintive voice, "that I am sorry she is sick. I would have come sooner, but I had first to go to Philadelphia. I am sorry."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, his professional interest at once aroused, "do you let a girl in her condition walk around the house? Don't you see she is blind with fever?"

"That is your patient," said Dorothea, stepping aside; and the doctor, with an unexpected quickness and lightness, immediately went up the stairs, passing Mrs. Hardy.

"Come," he said, "you must go back to bed. Don't you know you are too sick to be here?"

Theodosia smiled in a strange, constrained way, and put her foot out as if she were going

to step down: but her attention being now divided, she wavered and fell against the banister; but the doctor, springing forward, caught her.

"Come up here," he cried to Yusef: "make yourself of use, and help carry her."

Yusef went up in a leap and a stride, took her out of the doctor's arms, and carried her like a child to her room. He laid her on the bed, and stood looking at her. When Dorothea came hurrying in, he said, —

"She will die. Not to-night; but she will die. It is a pity: she is pretty nice."

"Now clear out," said the doctor, apparently restored to a more healthful humor. "Your opinions are not worth much. Is the old lady her mother?"

Dorothea shook her head.

"Your mother?"

"She is my housekeeper," said Dorothea, who was holding one of Theodosia's hands, and softly crying.

"Tell her to get two glasses of water, and let her keep that circus-Jack down-stairs. Then do you come back, and tell me how this young lady happened to be so sick."

Dorothea obeyed him as far as she could. She asked Mrs. Hardy to bring the water, and she returned to the room; but she could give Yusef no directions, not being able to find him.

"This is a pretty bad case," said the doctor, standing by the bureau. "Is she any relation of yours?"

"No: she is my friend. She came yesterday from the Catskills. I had no idea she was at all sick. I have been all day at the Exposition. When I returned I found her in this condition."

"It is not a sudden attack," said the doctor gravely: "she must have been fighting it back for some time. Now, don't *you* give way!"

Dorothea wiped the tears from her eyes, and smiled.

"I will not," she said. "But ought I not

telegraph for her mother? She is at Narragansett."

"Her mother has sprained her ankle, and cannot walk," said Mrs. Hardy calmly, as she entered, carrying the water for the doctor. "Miss Hudson received a letter to-day. It was sent on from the Catskills. Her mother wanted her to go at once to Narragansett."

"Well," said the doctor cheerfully, as he dropped the medicine into the glasses, "her mother is out of the question; but I had better tell you at once, that you ought to get a nurse. This is a pretty bad case of low fever: of course we hope — and expect — a favorable termination; but there is a good deal of care ahead. She ought to have had treatment two weeks ago. Give her these medicines, — a teaspoonful at a time, — every half-hour alternately, and I'll come in the morning. Where is that fellow now?"

"I will see you safely out," said Dorothea with a sad little smile; and she went with him

to the gate, and waited until she saw him turn the corner. Then she returned to the house, and looked into the parlor; but it was all in darkness. She called Yusef; but there was no answer, and so she hoped he had gone away. When she entered the sick-room again, Theodosia was lying perfectly still, looking at the door.

"Dorothea," she said, "was that man a doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dorothea: "he is Dr. Towne."

"I don't know him. Do you?"

"No," Dorothea said, taking off her watch, and laying it by the medicine; "but you know your mother would prefer a homœopathic doctor for you. Now I want you to let me make you comfortable for the night."

"Dorothea," then said Theodosia, as her friend was taking off her wrapper, "it is all very well for you to talk about what my mother likes, but you know it is Godfrey who must decide. He will be here in the morning. Will you ask him?"

"Certainly," said Dorothea; and with a heavy heart, with an intense dread of this sickness, and all its responsibility, she made Theodosia ready for the night, and then, exhausted, went down stairs to see if Mina had returned, and to close the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*In argosy transferred from Fez.*"
—KEAT'S.

WHEN Dorothea had lighted the gas in the dining-room and kitchen, she found every thing in an order more dismal than any confusion; suggesting, as it did, a sudden and paralyzing interruption of the routine of life. The table was daintily set for three, and a bunch of faded flowers lay at each plate. In the kitchen the dinner stood on the stove, and the coffee-pot, ready for the boiling water, waited on a table.

Dorothea looked around. If only Mina, with her slow, sweet smile, had been there!

It was horribly lonely!

But, being a sensible girl, Dorothea made her coffee. She went to the refrigerator for cream; and, filling a plate with what she wanted,

she carried it into the dining-room, and sat down to eat her dinner. Every little while she would sit perfectly still, and sometimes she smiled, she was so content and happy; and sometimes she sighed, because she had such sudden and great trouble; and more than once she laughed outright. The day had certainly been of varied complexion. She had won the lover of lovers; and yet — and yet — how could she be glad? Perhaps Yusef was right, and Theodosia might die! It was only a year ago, and another friend, — ah, so much nearer, — and *she* had died! And then quick on this fear, came a vision of Yusef and the doctor, and she laughed.

"If only Godfrey were here!" She thought of him with great comfort: she felt so close, so well acquainted with him. She was so *sure* of him; and as with serene and happy eyes she sat, leaning on her hand, thinking of him, she quickly and sharply shrieked, and sprang in terror and dismay out of her chair, and faced

a tall figure, all in white, which suddenly appeared at the window.

"Oh, you must not be so frightened of me!" said the voice of the exasperating Yusef. "I have been waiting for you, and to sleep I went in your garden."

Dorothea looked at him in helpless dismay. He was wrapped in a long white cloak with a high pointed hood that was drawn up over his head. His brown legs and his yellow slippers, his brilliant eyes and shining teeth, were all thrown into vividness by his cloak; and his manner was as calm as if he had been conducting himself in the most ordinary fashion.

"Yusef," she said, taking hold of the chair on which she had been sitting, "I really will not allow this! You are unbearable! Why *do* you alarm me so? Do you not know it is very wicked? And now to dress yourself as a ghost, and come to frighten me!" And she sat down, and covered her face with her hands, and she cried.

Yusef pushed the hood back from his face.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he said, coming near, and putting his hand out toward her. "I come to show you my own dress. It is not that I mean to be a ghost. You have never seen the dress of my country: you do not know me in it. Before I marry you I would have you see me as I do dress in my own country, and when I shall be a chief. Will you not look at me? Do not let me bring the tears to you! I would make you happy rather than to weep."

His distressed and musical voice, full of inflections to which the European is a stranger, affected Dorothea even in this nervous condition; and she raised her eyes and looked at him. His hood was pushed back; and the motion of his arms had thrown the cloak open, revealing his brilliant dress. His eyes were soft, his face was as innocent as a child's, and he looked a barbaric Apollo.

Dorothea could not speak. She was stunned

by admiration. Never in her life had she seen so beautiful a human being, and it was only his smile of gratified vanity that broke the enchantment.

"Yusef," she said, "you must let me make a picture of you."

"Not so," he replied, shrugging his shoulders: "the prophet has forbidden it, and Ibrahim says it is by your picture that you have put on me a spell. I know not when you made it. How now should I say 'yes'? I might die."

"Oh, no, you would not! It might be bad, and you would want to kill *me;* but it wouldn't hurt you, Yusef."

"I should never want to kill you," he replied.

"Let me make just a little picture?"

He smiled, and shook his head.

"I may never see you wear the dress again."

"Oh, yes, you will, often!"

"I wonder you don't always wear it! Why, you would sell every thing — the house and all."

"I will not wear it here, and have the boys run to me and cry that I am a show to them. But in my own country I will wear it; and the dress of our women is beautiful. You should have it all."

"Do let me just make a little picture of you, — a very little one!"

Yusef's face was now all glowing with delight. If he had been blind he still must have felt the admiration in her eyes; but as he knew nothing of the artist in her, he took it all with a calm and masculine complacency, and thought his fine dress had captivated her. He came a little nearer to her, but Dorothea did not move. There was no one upon whom she could call, except Mrs. Hardy; yet she was not alarmed.

"If I could only paint you!" she said. "Yusef, if you will come here and let me paint a picture of you, I will give you more money in a week than that old Moor would give in a month."

"How know you what he would give me?"

said Yusef, smiling still. "No, no, you need not make my picture now: after while you will have plenty of time."

"Yusef," and she took a cup in her hand, "did a Christian lady ever give you a cup of her coffee? Let me give you some now." She had forgotten Theodosia for the moment, she was so eager to get a sketch of this resplendent creature who realized her ideas of Oriental color and poetry. Of all that the Exposition had shown her of Eastern life, he only seemed genuine.

"I do not care for your coffee," he said; but he sat down, pushing back his snowy burnous, "and you must not put that milk in it." Then he took the cup, and drank the coffee; and Dorothea gave him preserved peaches and cakes, and the young Arab ate them and smiled with increased content.

"It is very good they are," he said, as he looked around the room with renewed satisfaction. "And it is a *very* nice house."

"But, Yusef," she said, all in a hurry, seeing into what a dangerous state of resignation he was going, "you know you don't really think so. A house like this would be as hateful to you as an Arab's tent would be to me."

"No: I shall like it very much," he replied; and he gently drew the jar of preserves toward him, and began to eat out of it with a silver fork. "I shall like you to make these for me."

"But I will not do that," she said. "I must make them for my own husband. You will have to get Fatima to do all such things for you."

And then she colored, because her "husband" was no longer an abstract, visionary creature.

"Fatima is a little fool," said Yusef. "She can do nothing. I shall send her away. It will not cost much."

"Now," said Dorothea, taking her little notebook out of her pocket, "I want you to let me

make that picture! It will take me but a moment or so."

"No, no," said he, pushing away the peaches, and getting up: "I cannot do that. I do not like it. It was wrong for you to do it, and Ibrahim is very angry because you made his picture. He does not say much, because he is always very sleepy in the daytime; but when he wakes up he says it is you who has made the fever to come into his blood."

Dorothea looked at him in silent horror. Was the Moor now to be added to the list of her persecutors!

"That is nonsense!" she exclaimed severely. "No one can be injured by having his picture taken. Yusef, you must never, *never* listen to such stuff! If Ibrahim ever says so again, tell him it is not true. You must not let him think so."

Yusef raised his hand with an indescribable gesture, meaning that Ibrahim was far beyond reach by his arguments or assertions; and he calmly leaned against the wall near Dorothea.

"It will not be needed for me to see Ibrahim again," he remarked. "I am now tired for him, and he will soon go back to Tangiers. I go not even to the house again."

This declaration decided Dorothea at once. She sat down on the opposite side of the table, and she brandished her pencil.

"Now stand perfectly still," she said. "It will not take me ten minutes; and it shall be an exact, a true, a *real* likeness of you, — your very bones, Yusef!"

His smile faded, a ghastly look spread over his face.

"You must not do it!" he exclaimed: "it will make me to waste away!" And he covered his face with his burnous, and cowered against the wall.

"I will, I will!" cried she, making loud and rapid strokes upon her paper. "Every time you come here, I will make a picture of you. I will draw you every time you speak to me. I will have a book; and it will be Yusef, Yusef,

all through; and I will — yes, I will make a picture of you on the fence outside!"

"My good senses!" cried Mrs. Hardy, at the door, looking aghast. "Miss Peyton, why, what is that!"

Dorothea laughed.

"It is Yusef," she said: "it is not a ghost; but Yusef in still another character. Don't *you* want to make a picture of him, Mrs. Hardy?"

Yusef moved slowly along the wall, still wrapped in his burnous; and suddenly, with a quick leap, he was out of the window, and off.

"He is the most extraordinary creature," said Mrs. Hardy. "I do not understand who he is." And then her glance fell on the second cup, on the cakes, and the preserved peaches.

She said not a word; but she looked volumes, and none of them in a dead language.

If poor Dorothea deserved punishment, she received it when she returned to Theodosia,

and found her with dry lips and burning brow, tossing her head from side to side. The most bitter remorse filled Dorothea's heart, because she had left her, because she had, even for a moment, forgotten her.

CHAPTER XV.

"Dreaming not another's dream,
But still interpreting thine own."
—JOHN DREAN.

THE next morning Dorothea telegraphed to Mrs. Hudson, and received a reply saying she was unable to walk, and asking for constant intelligence from her daughter. This message was not unsatisfactory to Dorothea. She could not believe that Theodosia was fatally ill, and she felt that she could make better arrangements for the girl's comfort without the hinderance of Mrs. Hudson's nervous indecision. To get a nurse, and arrange the household for illness, was now her first care; and in the mean while the doctor came. He wore his hat this time: he was dignified and urbane, and entered the sick-room with an air of mingled dignity and conciliation. Theodosia was lying

with her eyes half closed. She was not asleep, but she seemed to take no notice of any thing in the room. The doctor stood for a moment without speaking, gazing at her. Then he felt her pulse; and the firm, light touch of his fingers aroused her, and she turned her head, and looked at him. She drew her hand away, and covered it with the sheet.

"Did Godfrey say he was to come?" she asked.

"Godfrey has not been here," Dorothea answered; "but of course he would approve of Dr. Towne."

"You must ask him," Theodosia said; and she again closed her eyes.

The doctor moved from the bed, and going to the bureau picked up one of the glasses containing the medicine, and looked at it.

"Did she sleep last night?" he asked.

"It is not worth while for you to talk about me," said Theodosia in a clear, cool voice: "you might as well go home, and wait. If Mr.

Wayne wishes me to have you, Dorothea can send you word."

At this extraordinary dismissal the doctor colored violently, and taking up his hat and cane he walked out of the room. When he reached the door he turned his head, and asked Dorothea if he might see her one moment; and she followed him to the parlor.

"May I ask," he said, "who this gentleman is, — the one to whom the young lady refers?"

"He is — he is a friend of ours," replied Dorothea.

"Of hers?"

"Of ours," repeated Dorothea.

The doctor looked at her with a meditative air.

"Is she," he asked, "also literary?"

"No," Dorothea replied with great promptness, "Miss Hudson is not literary. If you want to classify her, I suppose you might call her a society girl"

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "But you — you are literary?"

"No. I never wrote a page for printing in my life."

"Indeed!" repeated he, half as if he doubted this assertion, and half as if he were again at sea for an explanation of this very surprising family.

"I am an artist," said Dorothea.

"That is very much the same," he said blandly, and with a sigh of relief; "but this Miss Hudson — has she no family?"

Dorothea then explained who Theodosia was, and that her grandfather was a commodore; and then, the doctor being apparently satisfied that her associations were civilized, and not idiosyncratic, Dorothea proposed that the subject of medical attendance be referred to Mrs. Hudson by telegraph.

The doctor replied that she could do as she thought best about this, but he would advise another medical attendant; and then he said

the day was hot, and he went away looking as if all his patients were waiting for him at once.

Dorothea telegraphed immediately, sending Mina post-haste to the office with the despatch, while she returned to Theodosia. She found her excited and sitting up in bed, insisting that she must get up. Mrs. Hardy was trying to persuade her to lie down, but Theodosia did not pay any attention to this. Her fever was high, and her excited tones alarmed Dorothea; but she very peremptorily put her back into bed, and gave her a drink of water.

"Is he coming back?" in a whisper asked Mrs. Hardy.

Dorothea shook her head. "I am afraid we have mortally offended him. I have telegraphed to her mother. I did not know what else to do."

"I am sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Hardy. "If I trusted my own judgment I would give her nitre, and send for Dr. Lind.

As it is, I am ignorant. I never nursed homœopathically."

A faint smile dimpled Dorothea's cheek.

"There is nothing homœopathic about Theodosia's resolutions," she said, "whatever there may be about her treatment."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Hardy, but a little dubiously, "that she is engaged to Mr. Wayne? They came from New York together, she told me."

"No," said Dorothea, a little confused at this second attack. "I don't think she is engaged to him. This is — this is all delirium, Mrs. Hardy: you must not pay any attention to it. If she knew, she would not talk in this way."

Mrs. Hardy made no reply to this assertion, but began to gather up the glasses in the room.

"Did the doctor say that this medicine was to be continued?"

"No."

"Well, it won't hurt her," said Mrs. Hardy in very allopathic contempt; and she took it

to the bedside, and offered it to the patient. Theodosia looked at the spoon, then at the tumbler, and finally at Mrs. Hardy.

"Did that doctor leave it?" she said.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hardy: "come, take it. It will do you good."

"No," Theodosia replied, "I will *not* take it. When Godfrey comes you can send him up here, and I will ask him myself. I am not going to have any doctor unless he approves of him."

"You'll have to do it," said Mrs. Hardy, putting the glass down again. "She won't forget it. When patients in her fevered condition takes an idea, they cling to it through thick and thin. If you oppose her too much she won't have any doctor."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Dorothea. "But we will wait until we hear from her mother."

About two o'clock Godfrey made his appearance, all anxiety and surprise. Dorothea had failed to keep her appointment for a meeting.

He had waited, he had watched for her. What had happened? Was she sick? When he heard what had detained her, he looked serious, but his brow cleared. It was bad. But — well, he had feared such terrible things!

"He had not thought she did not *want* to come?"

"It was not impossible," he said; and then he smiled as if his anxieties were all over, and he sat down and said, "Now tell me about Theodosia. It is nothing of importance?"

So Dorothea told the story of her friend's illness, of the doctor, and of Yusef; and she told it with pathos and humor. The tale interested Godfrey. He was sorry for Theodosia, and entertained with the performances of the Arab; but the point of it all was, that this charming, this frank and beautiful girl was to be his wife.

That Dorothea was charming and beautiful to her lover, was a matter of course; but was she frank? She told him of Yusef's appearance

in costume, but she could not confess that he had come to see her as a lover. She told of Theodosia's delirium, and dismissal of the doctor; but she was mute on all that concerned the reference to Godfrey. She felt as if it would humiliate Theodosia to tell this.

As the day passed on, Mrs. Hardy became extremely anxious. Theodosia's fever mounted higher, she begged for ice, she wanted to get up: she called for Dorothea, but took no notice of her when she came. Mrs. Hardy gave her the nitre, and various other soothing potions; but they had, she declared, about as much effect as so much rain-water.

About six o'clock the telegram from Mrs. Hudson came, and was to this effect: —

"Use your own judgment, but employ a homœopathist. Our own doctor is in Europe. Telegraph her condition."

Mrs. Hardy looked blank at this; but Dorothea was much relieved, and going to Theodosia's bedside said, —

"Theo, we have heard from your mother."

The girl opened her eyes.

"And she wants you to have a homœopathic doctor."

"Very well," was Theodosia's placid reply.

"And Dr. Towne has an excellent reputation, and is so near. Shall we not send for him?"

"Just as Godfrey wishes," she answered, and asked for ice.

"You will have to ask Mr. Wayne," whispered Mrs. Hardy: "do it at once."

So down went Dorothea, and told Godfrey of this fancy of Theodosia's; and he laughed at it, and he laughed at her because she had not wanted to tell him.

"Of course, send for Dr. Towne. Tell her I prefer him to Hahnemann himself. I take him on your word, you know!" he added.

Dorothea carried the message back, but Theodosia would not receive it.

"Godfrey does not know how sick I am," she

said. "If he did he might wish some one else. I am not going to trust your report of me, Dorothea. You are very frivolous, and given to exaggeration. How can I tell what you will say? And you know nothing about sickness. Tell Godfrey that I say he is to come up."

"Mrs. Hardy will tell him how you are," said Dorothea soothingly. "She is used to sickness."

"I am not imbecile, Dorothea Peyton," was Theodosia's reply, "I tell you that this is important, and I am not going to have Godfrey deceived."

When Dorothea carried this report to Godfrey, he was as decided as Theodosia herself. He was not going up. It was perfectly absurd. What on earth had he to do with Theodosia's doctors? They did not manage her properly. The doctor ought to be brought; and then if she were told she *must* have him, there would be no further trouble. If he was brought, as a matter of course, and nothing said, she would

yield. She ought not to be humored: this was a great mistake in fever treatment. Quiet, unmoved decision, — that was the method. Why did they not reason with her, coax her, appeal to her? With many more as consistent reasons did he argue; but he was firm on the one point, — he was not going to be dragged into such a false position.

Dorothea went up to Theodosia: she returned to Godfrey, she argued, and she persuaded; but it was oil and water, and no solvent at hand. Mrs. Hardy sat still and waited. Miss Hudson was neither her daughter nor her guest, and no one could throw responsibility on her; but the girl would die if this matter were not settled. What it all meant she did not know.

Finally Dorothea lost all patience, and she returned to the parlor.

"Godfrey Wayne," she said, "I am not going to have Theodosia die in my house for want of a doctor!"

Godfrey smiled.

"No? *I* wouldn't!"

"Now, see here," she continued, "you are sane, and she is not, and you are the one who must yield. It is only a little matter. *Come!*"

And she took his hand, and gave it a pull; but he sat still, and he did not return the pressure of her hand.

"Dorothea," he said, "I will not!"

She looked at him. Her eyes filled with tears.

"*Godfrey!*" she sighed, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Godfrey looked at her in sudden horror. That Dorothea should cry, and he give her the reason for it! He stood up, and shook himself; then he held out his hand, and *he* said, —

"Come!"

And hand in hand they went up stairs.

When they entered the room, Theodosia was asleep. She lay flushed and restless, breathing with some effort. When she opened her eyes,

and saw Godfrey, she gently smiled, and held out her hot little hand.

"You wanted to see me," Godfrey said.

"Yes." And she looked at him with an air of satisfaction.

"Why, see here, Miss Hudson" —

"'Miss Hudson'!" she repeated.

"Well, Theodosia then, — as to this affair about the doctor, send for the one who was here, — Dr. Towne. He is very good, of course. I would not hesitate one moment." And then he looked at Dorothea as if to say, "Surely that is enough!"

"I am sure I don't care," was Theodosia's light reply. "They are all bad enough; but it makes no difference to me, only mamma prefers a homœopathist." And to Godfrey's surprise she closed her eyes, and apparently went to sleep again.

When the door closed on them, Godfrey took Dorothea by the shoulders, and gave her a little shake.

"What *do* you mean?" he said. "What a precious humbug you are! Theodosia does not care two straws what doctor she has."

"Well," said Dorothea, "it may be the fever, but I confess I don't understand Theodosia."

"I don't believe you do," he answered, following her light, rapid steps down the stairs; "but she is not very sick. She is perfectly sensible, and she looks well enough."

"Your diagnosis, my friend," said Dorothea, "has the flavor of ignorance; but now, since you recommend Dr. Towne so highly, suppose you go and bring him."

"As Yusef did?"

They laughed; yet when Godfrey saw the doctor, it seemed as if the Arab's method of securing him was the only possible one.

He refused to go. He had a regard for all the ladies of the house, and he would be glad to serve them; but, really, he was so busy he feared he could not do justice to the young

patient, who was really very ill indeed, and required constant watching.

"Then," said Godfrey, putting on his hat, "perhaps you will tell me where I can find another physician of your school; and when I explain the circumstances to him, he may be persuaded to visit her."

The "circumstances" to which Godfrey referred were those of Theodosia's illness: the "circumstances" in the doctor's mind bore reference to Yusef's little compulsion. He hesitated. There was another doctor, and a popular one, not a half-mile away. Dr. Towne had no objection to his having this patient, — an isolated case without family ramifications; but Dr. Towne was a candidate for a professorship in the college, and it was not a good time for the little adventure to get abroad. Dr. Holmes was *very* fond of a joke.

Dr. Towne concluded to go. "He had seen Miss Hudson, and it might only be just to her mother to continue the care of the case."

So Godfrey went back to Dorothea's house; and, while he waited for her to come down, he wrote her a little note.

The night watches were long and anxious; and as Dorothea waited on Theodosia, she more than once took a stealthy glance at this note, and it gave her great comfort, and yet it only told her that Godfrey loved her.

CHAPTER XVI.

"First let me talk with this philosopher. —
What is the cause of thunder?"
—KING LEAR.

THEODOSIA was indeed very ill. For several days it was doubtful how the illness would terminate, and the physician whom Dr. Towne called in consultation pronounced that all hope must be founded on her youth and good constitution.

Dorothea procured a professional nurse, who took all the responsibility of the sick-room, and Mrs. Hardy returned to her household duties; but Dorothea's own life was sadly invaded. She had received a cordial and pleasant letter from her newspaper, telling her to use her own pleasure about a holiday. But now all her plans were in confusion. She could not go away from home, even to the Exposition, with-

out feeling worried, and anxious to return. She had come to a fixed conviction that Theodosia would die; and if she had talked to any one of the three women as she did to Godfrey, she would have spread the infection of despair in the house. The odor of bay-water, the cups of untasted nourishment, were all omens of ill to her, so much did they remind her of her aunt's sickness and death.

Godfrey tried to cheer and re-assure her, but all his love failed to relieve her of the great dread hanging over her.

Theodosia was not a troublesome patient, except in her one whim concerning Godfrey's *surveillance* of her illness. She would ask a dozen times through the day and night if he were in the house, and she insisted on his being consulted about every thing upon which it was possible to raise a question. Godfrey himself was exceedingly annoyed by all this, although he affected to think it very amusing and absurd; but it was Dorothea who was most disturbed.

She could not resent a sick girl's delirious fancies, but she did not like them; and she never carried a message to Godfrey when she could help it. To her, this half-insane reference to a man no longer Theodosia's lover was hardly fair to Theodosia herself; and she almost felt as if she were, in some vague fashion, to blame for it.

And Theodosia's persistent reliance on one so great a stranger to all her nursing, came near having serious results one day, when she suddenly refused to take any beef-tea, or nourishment of any kind, until Godfrey came. She was sure she would be better if she had different food, and Mr. Wayne would advise with her about it.

Godfrey was not expected until evening; and as the day passed on, and Theodosia grew faint and weak for want of nourishment, the doctor was sent for in haste.

He smiled when he heard how matters stood.

"Bring me the beef-tea," he said.

It was heated and brought to him, and he went to the bedside holding it.

"I want you to drink this;" and he put his hand under her head to raise it.

Theodosia feebly opened her eyes. Then she laughed.

"But I won't," she replied.

"Oh, yes, you will!" he said in a coaxing tone.

"You might just as well take it away," said the patient. "It does not agree with me, and I will not touch it until Mr. Wayne sees it." And then, as usual when she was annoyed, she turned her head away, and shut her eyes.

"Well," said the doctor, "if she will not keep her strength up, the result is easy to foretell! I would advise you to send for Mr. Wayne."

As he was going out he saw Mina, who was sweeping the front path.

"Who *is* this Mr. Wayne?" he asked abruptly.

"He is from New York," said Mina.

"Is he engaged to Miss Hudson?"

Mina smiled.

"Ah, no! He is all for Miss Dorothea."

"What is his business?"

"He writes for newspapers."

The doctor nodded. No longer annoyed by the little idiosyncrasies of the household, he was interested. He had never before attended in a family of literary people, and he was gaining a large amount of information concerning their class peculiarities.

When Godfrey came post haste in answer to Dorothea's urgent message, it was to be entirely and frankly exasperated at the reason for bringing him.

"It is all nonsense," he said. "I will go back to New York! If I am out of the way she will be reasonable enough."

"But to-day! To-day she is very weak. Godfrey, she will sink if she takes no nourishment."

"Well?" said Godfrey in a tone of desperation.

"You will go and speak to her this once?"

"Yes," he said, "I will."

He went up into the room with Dorothea, and entered with an injured, aggressive manner.

"Did you want me?" he said.

Theodosia fixed her eager, fevered eyes on him.

"Do you think I ought to take that stuff?" she plaintively asked.

"Certainly I do."

"Will it do me good?"

"It will. You *must* take it if you want to get well. And see here, Theodosia — are you paying attention?"

"Yes," she answered, and turned her eyes to the nurse. "Give it to me," she said.

"Well, I want you to remember this: of course I am anxious to do every thing I can for you, but you must do what your doctor

orders. You must not depend on me. I shall not be up here again, and I know nothing of your proper treatment. Now do you understand? You must obey your doctor, and not ask me. You understand?"

"Yes," said Theodosia.

"And what the doctor orders you must do?"

"Yes."

"Now," said Godfrey as he and Dorothea went down stairs again, "you see that all she needs is a little firmness in speaking to her. She is reasonable enough to comprehend what is said. It is plain that you ought not to coax or reason with her. Order her! I have always told you that it is the only way in which to treat delirium."

"Yes," said Dorothea in her turn.

In about an hour the nurse came down, and said Miss Hudson insisted on getting up and sitting at the window, and wanted Mr. Wayne to give his consent.

"To-morrow," Godfrey said with a groan, "I

am going to Narragansett, and I will bring Mrs. Hudson if I have to carry her! Then I am off to the Grand Menan."

"Why there?" said Dorothea. "Is it nice there?"

"Of course it is 'nice;' but I am going because it is easy to get there, but hard to get away. The tides, you know."

"Oh!" said Dorothea. "Then if we sent for you, perhaps, the tide would not let you come?"

"Exactly so," he answered.

"Very well," she said in the most matrimonial of tones. "That shows how much you sympathize with me in my anxiety for Theodosia!"

"My dear," he said, "you do not know that young lady as well as I do."

"If she dies, Godfrey, you will be sorry you said that."

"Oh, no, I won't! You don't, you see. But she will not die."

Dorothea's eyes filled with tears.

"You are hard," she said.

And then Godfrey had to prove she was mistaken about him; and he let her think he was wrong about Theodosia, and so there was peace once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

"A rare betrothal ring on each bestowed."
—GEORGE ELIOT.

ONE day Godfrey determined to take Dorothea out of the house; and, after an unnecessary amount of hesitation and objection on her part, he finally persuaded her to go into the city to an exhibition of engravings.

It was a clear, pleasant day; but the streets seemed deserted, and the people they met all looked like strangers as they sauntered along, glancing with curious eyes in at the windows, or waiting on the wrong crossings for the street-cars. There was very little hint here of the immense population that each day streamed westward. As they sauntered along Chestnut Street, Godfrey insisting that they should have a walk before they went to the gallery, he asked Dorothea if she cared for diamonds, and

then at once turned into a large jewelry store. Dorothea hesitated a moment.

"Come in," he said: "they have fac-similes of all the great diamonds of the world. I wish to show them to you."

As he stood in the doorway as he said this, she was almost forced to go in; but she lightly expostulated.

He showed her the diamonds, however, and an obliging young man explained to them that there were very few rubies in the country, and took out sapphires, emeralds, and pearls to gratify their curiosity. Then Godfrey stopped at a case of plain gold rings, and Dorothea walked away, and looked at the bronzes.

"Dorothea," said Godfrey, "is not your hand about the size of Jennie's?"

"Jennie's," repeated Dorothea with a puzzled air; and then catching a very short-lived expression on his face, she hastily added that her hand was *not* the size of Jennie's.

"This is a very usual size," said the sales-

man. "If you knew what number of glove the lady wears, we might guess at the ring."

"What size does she wear?" asked Godfrey.

"Indeed I don't know," said Dorothea indifferently.

"What size do you wear?"

"Seven and a half," she unblushingly replied.

"That is some help," Godfrey said: "now, would this ring fit a lady who wears a seven and a half glove?"

The salesman smiled.

"I am afraid the lady is mistaken about her gloves," he said. "I can wear that number myself, and I am sure her hand is not so large as mine."

"Of course it is not," said Godfrey; and he fitted a ring on his own little finger. "Would this do? What do you think?"

"If you don't want it marked at once," suggested the salesman, "why not take it, and change it if it does not fit?"

"That is a very good plan," said Godfrey;

and he again began to critically regard the rings, while Dorothea stood at the front door.

"Mr. Wayne," she said, "I am going to the gallery."

"In one moment." Then he said, "Dorothea, have you any money?"

Her face became crimson.

"I have no more than I want," she said brusquely.

"Lend me ten dollars," he said.

Dorothea looked up the street, and then down.

"Won't you?" he asked.

She took her portmonnaie out of her pocket, and held it toward him without turning her head.

"Take what you want," she said in any thing but a pleased voice.

After Godfrey had completed his purchase, he came out of the store, and they walked up Chestnut Street in silence.

The picture-gallery was deserted, and no one

seemed to care for even a complete collection of the engravings of the Sistine Madonna; and here in front of a fine Dürer, Godfrey handed Dorothea her pocket-book. She put it in her pocket.

"You are angry with me?" he said interrogatively.

"I do not like you to be so foolish."

"Dorothea," and he looked at her amused, "I wanted you to buy me a ring, but I was in some perplexity."

"If I had known you wished for one, you should have had it, — with a colored stone if you had preferred it."

Godfrey sat down on a bench, and took a small box out of his pocket. He opened it with deliberation, lifted the pink cotton, and then showed Dorothea two plain gold rings.

"This one," he said, "is yours. This is mine."

"And did I pay for yours?"

"You did. Eleven dollars."

"I had not that much in my pocket."

"I know. You had eight dollars and thirty-five cents. I lent you two dollars and sixty-five cents. Can you pay me when we return to your house?"

"I want you to pay me, sir. I only *lent* you the eleven dollars."

"Very true."

"I cannot afford to buy gold rings."

"For what did you want the money, Dorothea?"

"For gloves, and for ribbons, and for pencils, and for flour, sir. I do not suppose you mean me to be without bread?"

"No," he said; "but you cannot live by it alone."

"Don't be irreligious," she replied; "and the bread question is serious. Mina told me before I came out that there was no flour in the house."

"I wish I had some change to give you," he said; "and you meant to buy flour with some of that money?"

"I did."

"I am awfully sorry."

"You are an awful goose!" she exclaimed; and then she let him try the rings on her finger.

"This one is the largest," he said: "it shall be our wedding-ring."

"Indeed!" she answered; and she took them off, and walked away.

"This was the way of it," he began, as he followed her: "I wanted a share in that wedding-ring. Of course you will not let me wear it after we are married, so I want to keep it until you must have it."

"Poor ring!" she said, "what a thread it will then be!"

"Now, you see, it is my engagement-ring. Here, you must pay attention. Here is the perplexity: I did not want to buy my engagement-ring myself."

"You need not," she said, "not if you will be contented with a cheap one."

"But it is also to be your wedding-ring. Do you suppose I will allow you to pay for *that?*"

"I wouldn't," she said.

"So you see how ingeniously I have arranged it. You buy a ring — we will assume you buy it, although you still owe two dollars and sixty-five cents on it — you put it on my finger. Do it!" And he held out the ring, and his hand.

"For the argument only," she said, as she obeyed.

"Now it is my engagement-ring. The day before we are married, — perhaps later, the very day, — I will pay you eleven dollars for it, and I will then give it to you with my other worldly goods. Confess, Dorothy, is not it a clear, a simple, and satisfactory arrangement?"

"Godfrey Wayne," cried Dorothea, "is there on earth another man as absurd as you are this moment?"

"I don't believe there is another so unreasonably happy!" he replied.

That evening as he was going away, and Dorothea stood at the gate with him, she asked, —

"Godfrey, what kind of a ring did you give Theodosia?"

"A diamond," he said coolly.

"She would not have liked any other," she reflectively added.

"Do you prefer diamonds?" he asked. "Or would you like me to import a ruby, if you don't care to match her ring?"

"Don't be ill-natured. No, I do not want to match Theodosia's. I simply wanted to know. But, Godfrey, what does a man do with his old engagement rings, and returned presents?"

"I don't know."

"Would he give them to number two?"

"Indeed I cannot tell. What does a woman do with all the presents returned to her?"

"She never has any returned to her," replied Dorothea: "he wears them all out. They are slippers, and all such things, you know. A

girl, however, could not wear out a ring or a locket with his hair in it."

Godfrey did not know just how to tell Dorothea that he had asked Theodosia to keep the ring as a token of continued friendship; and Dorothea had too much sensitiveness to tell him that ever since Theodosia had been ill she had worn but one ring, and it was a diamond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"*Life lay entranced, as dreams in poppies do.*"

—DORGAN.

BY slow and almost imperceptible degrees Theodosia at last passed out of danger, and began to recover; but she remained so weak and listless, that Dorothea could not but be anxious about her. To her eager, energetic nature, such a delay in the recovery of vitality was a serious matter, and to live in what seemed to her a condition of suspended animation, was proof of lingering disease.

Dorothea was not a student of human nature, and Mina far exceeded her in a shrewd suspicion of Theodosia's morbid condition. During the whole of the illness the Swede had paid daily and sympathetic visits to the sick-room; and, although she never said so, she had never agreed with the other members of the family

in regarding Theodosia's reliance on Godfrey as the fevered fancy of a sick brain. It now seemed to her that the convalescent was waiting for something.

And she was right.

Theodosia would lie on a lounge, or recline in a chair for hours, not speaking, passive and content. She listened to conversations in the room; she answered when addressed; but she needed no entertainment, and seemed satisfied to be silent.

Godfrey had again returned to New York, and so Dorothea could give all her spare time to her guest. She told her little stories of what she saw at the Exposition; she made sketches for her, and brought her all sorts of trifles from the bazaars. One day she related with animation the whole story of Yusef, — his proposals, his appearance in costume, his coercion of the doctor. Theodosia listened in silence. Occasionally she smiled, and she was really amused with the miseries of her physi-

cian. When Dorothea finished, her friend lay perfectly still for some time. Then she said, —

"You certainly do have the queerest adventures, Dorothea."

"I do not desire them," was the quiet reply. Dorothea was now sewing.

"But you must have encouraged him. I think it is *very* odd! If I were you I would not talk of it to people. Why, it is like having one's coachman come courting."

The quick blood rushed to Dorothea's cheeks. It was not the first time Theodosia had proclaimed to her that it was "queer" that certain young men had admired her. She thought it was quite time to stop this sort of insinuation.

She quietly laid down her sewing. She arose, and went to the mirror, and stood in front of it. She wore a dress of plain black. It was light in texture, and showed her round white arms, her soft pretty throat. Her skin looked so fair; her hair golden. There was a

flush on her cheek, and a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

"Is it odd?" she said, and then turned her head, and looked saucily over her shoulder at Theodosia. "Well, I suppose it is," she added; and she sat down again, and began to sew. After a while she laughed at nothing, and soon she jumped up, kissed Theodosia, and ran down stairs to make her an egg-custard.

Theodosia understood Dorothea's reply, of course, but it did not offend her. She did not mind that her friend was so pretty, — she rather liked it, — and she took pleasure in looking at her; but it was just as well that people should not flatter her, even by falling in love with her.

So, while Dorothea was whipping up the eggs, Theodosia resumed her thoughts of Godfrey. She was well content to wait for him. She was so sure of him. It was curious, but the world never had a centre of gravity before Theodosia came into it. She was gentle, she

was unobtrusive; but she felt her own presence, and she was under the impression that wherever she was the universe revolved around her. People pleased, courted, quarrelled with her, when indeed they were not thinking of her; but she interpreted every action and word in her presence as having reference to herself. But as she was not aggressive, and was very reticent, her little weakness of standing in her own perspective was not commonly known to her world. She had never doubted Godfrey's love or fidelity, and she had been sorry for the suffering she thought she must have inflicted on him.

She had discarded him because he had not suited her. He was not, as he told Dorothea, her "ideal." Now she had changed her mind. She was no longer annoyed and angry because she had been deluded into an engagement, and the scandal of a separation. She was reconciled. She had forgiven him, and she waited for him to return, accept her pardon, and be

happy once more. He deserved reward, she said to herself: how faithfully he had haunted the house while she was so ill, and he had not gone back to his business until she was out of danger!

It is plain that she knew nothing of the letters Dorothea wrote in her room at night, and as little of the voluminous and daily replies from New York.

Did she know that Dorothea admired her old lover, and had this any thing to do with her sudden resolution to call him back?

Did she not pray every Sunday that all the commandments should be written in her heart? and what reason was there for her discriminating in any special way about the tenth? Godfrey was not Dorothea's property, as far as she knew.

How much do we know, and yet not know that we know it?

Yet if she had told Dorothea, the night of her arrival, in what fashion she meant "to take

her advice," she would have said much of Godfrey's attentions when they met on the cars that same day, and who knows but that it would have been Dorothea who in the future would have had to pause over that last commandment!

But one day Godfrey came back to Philadelphia. Theodosia had grown much stronger. She went down stairs to her meals, and took little constitutionals on the porch. This day she was in the bright sitting-room, where the bay-window gave her a view of the gate. She was idly gazing down the street, when she heard the latch fall. She looked, and there was Godfrey!

He had come down the street unseen by her.

She started, he glanced up. He smiled, and bowed, and ran up the porch, where he met Mina hastening out to welcome him. It made the Swede glad to have the future master come back to the house.

Theodosia paused. Perhaps he would come

up at once! Her heart beat violently, and her hair was in crimps. She ran up the stairs, she felt so strong and well. She threw off her wrapper, and brought out a pale yellow dress, all gauziness and lightness. She took down her hair, and with eager, trembling fingers combed back the wavy locks. Every now and then she glanced through her lace curtains, as if she feared he would go as suddenly as he appeared; and at last she saw Dorothea coming slowly down the shaded street.

Theodosia struck her hand against the window-frame.

"It is too bad!" and the tears came into her eyes: "now the world will again come in between us!"

The "world" was as yet unseen by Godfrey because of the low bushes skirting the fence; but it came languidly and gently to the gate, and opened it.

In a flash Godfrey rushed down the path, and Theodosia saw their eyes when they met.

When Dorothea, after some delay, came up to Theodosia's room, she found her in a great chair, a mass of gauzy, yellow flounces. Her eyes were open, her face pale, her hands cold. She paid no attention to Dorothea's cry of horror; but when she flung her arms around her, Theodosia turned her face away as if she feared Dorothea would kiss her.

From this time she haunted Dorothea's steps. She went with her to the Exposition; and when her strength gave out, she hired a chair and still kept close to her. In the house she sat with her, and Godfrey could only by chance get a word alone with his betrothed. But Theodosia had her punishment. She saw every tender glance that Godfrey gave his love. She saw his air of satisfaction as he sat down by her; and she perceived many a little touch of a ribbon, the fold of a dress, unnoticed by Dorothea herself.

And still nothing was said between the girls, and all of Godfrey's comings and goings drew no comment.

It seemed to Dorothea that Theodosia ought to speak, and if she thought it "odd," say so, or, perhaps, congratulate her; but why should Theodosia say any thing about an affair she was sure had but the life of a day?

CHAPTER XIX.

"*That the first blow is ever half the battle.*"
—BURNS.

WHEN the villain in real life determines to separate true lovers, how does he proceed? We all know what the villain in a story does. He lays a plot. It may be a very good one, or it may be so transparent that only a blind man, or a lover, would walk into it; but he makes it. He acts upon it, it develops, it climaxes, and in its ruin it overwhelms — the villain! He it is who lies dead at the back of the stage while the true lovers come to the footlights, and sing how joyful is life, how dear is love.

Theodosia was not a villain, and she did not make a plot; but she was very certain that Godfrey should not, could not, marry Dorothea. She did not know how it was to be prevented;

but she felt that right was on her side, and that the lover and love belonged to her. She had resigned Godfrey, it was true; but she had since changed her mind, and women never entirely cut threads, whatever the Fates may do.

Mina, who had the eye for love that corresponds with that for color, or with the ear for music, watched Theodosia a good deal. She saw how prettily she dressed herself, and how she timed her toilettes, and her welcomes to Dorothea, so as to make it convenient to snatch little interviews with Godfrey, while Dorothea went away on household duties bent. But if Mina had known what a small amount of satisfaction Theodosia derived from her conversations with Godfrey, she would have been better content. He was always courteous, always pleasant; but his eyes wandered to the staircase down which Dorothea must come, his ear listened to her footfall, and his face lighted when at last she came. She was always in his old love's way, and it was impossible to interest him because Dorothea absorbed him.

One morning early, the little house was invaded by a gay party of Virginians. They were old friends of her aunt's, and had not seen Dorothea since she was a little girl. It was something new to Dorothea to be taken possession of, talked over, sympathized with, caressed and laughed at, in the fashion of these happy people; and when they proposed that she should go to the Exposition with them, she consented, nothing loath.

"And you will go back with us to the hotel," said Mrs. Lee. "It is our last day here, and we want all we can get of you. I declare, Charles, she is the image of her aunt Page!"

Dorothea shook her head at the proposition to go to the hotel.

"Cannot you make your arrangements?" said Theodosia.

Mrs. Lee laughed.

"Oh, send the gentleman after her!" she cried. "You need not color so, my dear. I want to see him, anyhow. You see, I feel as if

I had a right in you. Page Poindexter and I were the closest friends; and your dear aunt Anne — but I need not say any thing of *her!*"

Finally Dorothea said she would send Theodosia word if she were not coming home to dinner; and they went off in a merry flutter of talk, leaving Theodosia alone.

Godfrey was not going to the Exposition that day, consequently he would come out early, Dorothea would be away, and thus it followed it was Theodosia's — slight headache which did not allow her to accompany the Virginians.

In the afternoon Theodosia was in the garden gathering roses, and when she returned to her room she saw on the table a note from Dorothea.

"Yes," she said, standing still, looking at it; "but you see, my dear, that Godfrey need not go for you the very instant he gets here!" And she dropped her handkerchief over the letter, fastened the roses at her throat, and went down stairs again.

It was a light risk, and a high game for which Theodosia played; but at the worst she could say that no note had been given to her.

It was about five o'clock when Godfrey came. Theodosia heard his firm, quick step on the porch, and he entered eagerly without ringing. He glanced into the parlor, and saw the brown-eyed, pretty girl framed in a leafy window, and was greeted with a glance of quick and pleased surprise.

"You come as the Arab goes," she said.

"How? folding my tents?"

Theodosia laughed. "No, silently stealing."

"That is rather a bold charge," he said; "but she has not come yet?"

"Who? Oh, Dorothea! No, not yet, but it is high time she was here;" and by a dexterous little movement of her slender foot, she pushed an easy-chair toward him.

"What has become of all that knitting you used to do?" he presently asked.

Theodosia looked up, honestly delighted.

This was the first direct allusion he had made to their former intercourse.

"It is all finished, I suppose," she said; "but, to tell you the truth, I am lazy. It is too hot to work."

"You are not strong yet," he said: "you ought to go to the sea-shore, or to the mountains."

Theodosia glanced at him; then she opened her book, and closed it.

"Yes; but I don't want to leave Dorothea. She was so good to me while I was sick, and she would miss me. Soon we can go together."

To this Godfrey made no reply. He had his own plans concerning Dorothea, and it was his sister and not Theodosia whom he designed for her companion during her holiday. He sat quietly enough, but looking so unsettled and impatient that Theodosia could not stand it; and she asked him to give her a little basket on the table, and taking out of it some lace she began to sew it on a ruffle.

"How many yards of this stuff have you?" he said, taking the lace in his hand.

"Twelve, I suppose," she replied.

"And you are going to sew it all with those little stitches?"

"I am," she said. "It is Dorothea's. She has a passion for ruffled aprons, and I think this will be pretty."

"Is that her basket?"

"Of course. If it were mine the ribbons would be pink or red."

"And her color is blue!" he said tenderly; and he took the basket out of Theodosia's lap, and began to look through the pockets, and in the little boxes.

"Careless creature," he said: "here is money."

Theodosia looked up and smiled.

"Dorothea keeps every thing just where it drops."

"She *is* careless?"

"Well," replied Theodosia, making friendly excuse, "she is so busy, you know."

"But what a lovely home she has!"

"Yes. It is lovely indeed. And Mrs. Hardy and Mina are such good housekeepers."

"Yes," said Godfrey, with a little twitch of the mouth, and he began to wind the cotton off a small spool.

"Now you will provoke her," said Theodosia: "you cannot wind that on again. It is wilful waste."

"She ought to come home, then, and look after her cotton," he said, as he quietly and firmly began to wind it around a little box in which Dorothea kept her needles.

"What a boy you are, Godfrey!" said Theodosia; and then she colored, and asked his pardon for not calling him Mr. Wayne.

He laid the box down.

"Theodosia," he said, "you have never wished me happiness."

The color rushed to the girl's face, and her eyes filled with tears, but she held her courage well in hand.

"I do wish you happiness," she said. "I wish it more than you guess, because — because, Godfrey, I am not sure of it!" And she jumped up, and walked to the front window.

For a few moments there was silence. She did not dare to look around and see how he had taken this assault, and he made no reply. She heard him put the basket down, and let the scissors fall; then he crossed the room, and stood at the other window.

"She is late," he said. "I will walk up the street, and perhaps I will meet her."

"You will come back?" asked Theodosia. "Perhaps you did not know that she took a party of friends to the Exposition?"

Godfrey turned in surprise.

"Why, she said nothing to me about it!"

Theodosia lifted her eyebrows.

"Perhaps she thought you would not care; as you do not, I suppose, know them. They were the Lees, from Virginia, — old friends of her aunt."

"Oh! I don't care about *them*," he replied; "but I do take a little interest in Dorothea herself."

"Now, come," said Theodosia with a little laugh. "Do you tell her every time you make an engagement with a friend?"

"That is very different."

"Yes," and Theodosia laughed again: "she is a woman, and, of course, must give account! But Dorothea has never yet been a slave, you know. She has come and gone as she pleased."

"I suppose she will always have that privilege;" but he still looked annoyed, and said he would smoke a cigar on the porch, and then, if she did not return, he would go back to the city.

Theodosia had neglected to tell Godfrey that the engagement with the Lees was made in the morning, when he could not well be informed; but her little omission did not trouble her, and she went into the kitchen to hurry dinner, telling Mina that her mistress would probably not

be home until late, and Mr. Wayne had to return to the city. As Mina regarded herself as the young man's special providence in providing him something different from a boarding-house meal, the hint was enough.

So while Theodosia and Godfrey were watching some evening primroses that burst open by stealth whenever they turned their eyes away an instant, and remained closed while they watched, the bell for dinner gently sounded.

And so Godfrey stayed. He was not comfortable, but neither was Theodosia. Mrs. Hardy, however, enjoyed her dinner, and Mina's creams were worthy of a cooking-school.

CHAPTER XX.

"Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)?"
—Poe.

AFTER dinner was over, Theodosia sat with Godfrey under the maple-tree that shaded the side garden. He was now content to wait for Dorothea, and there was less unrest in the air. They talked of the Exposition, of the Swedish figures; and Theodosia said she wished some one would eat the "Butterhead." Godfrey laughed at her, and replied that only a duck or an ostrich could do that, and then they spoke of storms at sea. It seemed to Theodosia that they were singing the same song, but in different keys. She was perpetually baffled by his unconscious indifference to her. She was not unused to the lovers of other women, but she had never discovered that men were usually insensible to the comfort of a con-

fidential and personal conversation. If they would not talk of love, they would of religion; and this topic can be made very suggestive, without seeming dangerous. But this man, whom she was eager to absorb, kept his eyes fixed on the front gate, and looked at her as if she had been Mrs. Hardy. He was at the same time so polite that he exasperated her; and she was tempted to anger him, and so stir him to some sort of genuine feeling.

But Theodosia was keen-witted. Failing to interest him in herself, she began to speak of Dorothea. She praised her in gentle but warm words. She told of Miss Anne Peyton, and of the beautiful life the two relatives had led together, and then said simply, and with feeling, how glad it made her to know that Dorothy was no longer lonely, and had so happy a future before her. Now the two sang together; because she had come into Godfrey's key, and it was a truly delicate and skilful modulation that she made. He grew animated

and interested, and he admired her because she praised his love. Her eager and womanly enthusiasm seemed beautiful to him. He became convinced that he had had no idea of the intensity of Theodosia's feeling; and he felt he had called her cold, when she was instead reticent. And in truth Theodosia surprised herself. She had not imagined that she could become so eloquent in praising another woman, or that she should take so much pleasure in doing so. And she was sincere. If she had not been so she would not have succeeded as she did. But —it was not Dorothea's character, beauty, or talent, which so inspired her: it was, instead, Godfrey's appreciation of her own enthusiastic rhapsodies!

They were now on very friendly terms. Godfrey had turned his chair around. It was darker, and there was little use in watching the gate. When Dorothea came he would hear, not see her. Now and then his hand rested on the arm of Theodosia's chair, and she

could almost fancy she was back at Lake George.

Soon she tried another modulation, but she did not wander far away. From the major key of Dorothea's perfections, how easy it was to glide into the relative minor of Yusef's infatuation, and how delicately she gave the "coachman" flavor to it! It really surprised as much as it pleased her, to find that Godfrey knew nothing of the Arab's suit, and as little of Samuel's attack.

Had he not heard this and that? Did he not know so and so? She did not betray Dorothea's confidence by any detailed story; but she insinuated a good deal of confused information, and she made Godfrey uncomfortable. It was true that Dorothea was every thing that was beautiful and noble: how eager Theodosia was to assert all this! — and she did not say that such concealment was in love a crime; but in some way she made Godfrey do so, and then she defended Dorothea, whom he had not mentioned.

Theodosia was not a villain, and she made no plots; but she certainly had great possibilities in the way of development, and great talent in consecutive action.

The two former friends had a long evening together, as it was eleven o'clock before Dorothea, escorted by a tired but gallant Virginian, came home.

Had not Theodosia received her note? What note?

Then Mina was questioned, the note discovered, every thing was explained, but only the Virginian was satisfied.

Theodosia herself was a little uneasy about this episode, but she was not at all troubled about what she had said or insinuated.

Has the Mosaic law force only in Morocco? and when one girl takes the lover of another, is there no return match to be played? And things looked as if here there were to be a "Home and Home" day also!

Unfortunately for Theodosia, she was one of

the women whose flesh is sometimes weak, even when their spirit is most willing; and the nervous excitement of the evening brought its re-action later. When Godfrey had gone, and she sat in Dorothea's room watching the latter brush her long unruly hair, they had a little conversation; and Theodosia anticipated any possible frankness on Godfrey's part by telling Dorothea that she had inadvertently disclosed the story of the Jew's rudeness to them.

"You ought not to have given the least hint of it," said Dorothea, displeased. "You should have recollected that the offence was given to the Moors by Mr. Wayne. As it was, the whole affair had blown over, and I, for one, had almost forgotten it. You do not know how it will now be re-opened. You may have done a great deal of mischief."

"Well," said Theodosia indifferently, "it cannot be helped now." And she took out the bunch of faded roses from the laces at her throat, smelled them, and, leaning back in her

chair, tossed them behind her out of the window.

"No," said Dorothea; "and that is the trouble."

"It won't come to any thing! If I were you, Dolly, I would not lie awake thinking of it." Then Theodosia looked at her friend with a little more intentness.

"You don't really care?" she said.

To this flippant question Dorothea made no reply. Theodosia was nervous, and had been exercising unnatural control over her uncertain temper for hours, and it now suddenly gave way.

"I am sorry I am too frank," she said; "but I cannot imitate your reserve. I do not understand you, Dorothea."

"No?" returned Dorothea.

Theodosia paled, and her eyes glittered.

"I do not see why you try to keep so evident an affair between Godfrey and yourself a secret, and why there must be secrets from

the man whom, I suppose, you propose to marry?"

The heated impudence of Theodosia's manner, the audacity of this attack, astounded Dorothea, and naturally angered her.

"I do not know why I am bound to explain to *you*, Theodosia!"

"I do not say that you are;" and Theodosia arose, walked to the door, then paused; "but I can very well understand your silence. I respect it. You have a hard part to play, Dorothy. I know that if I — but to *me* this would be impossible! — if *I* had a friend lying ill in my house; if her lover, distracted and worried, came day after day to inquire about her, and if I used the opportunity, and won him to myself, *I* also would say nothing about it!"

And then she left the room.

When she reached her own apartment, she sat down on the side of the bed.

She was astounded at herself.

She had burned all the bridges ahead of her

She could have torn her own hair, so exasperated was she with her weakness in losing her temper. She had insulted Dorothea. She had taken a step she could not take back again. There was nothing to do but to leave the house. There was nothing before her but separation from Godfrey. Nearly all night she sat on the bed. Her brain was in a whirl of passionate regret and sorrow.

She could not explain, she could not apologize. She could not make it right with Godfrey! She laid her head on a pillow, and cried bitterly, and like a child sobbed herself to sleep.

Theodosia was not yet well enough to bear such violent and passionate emotion; and when she awakened in the early dawn her head ached, she had fever, and her limbs trembled as she undressed and got into bed. She was not sorry to be sick. She would have been glad of any thing that postponed action, and deferred any further talk with Dorothea.

She did not go down to breakfast; and when Mina brought word that she was ill, Dorothea went slowly and reluctantly up to see her. She wished as little for an interview as Theodosia did, and only desired her guest to go quietly away.

But Dorothea's heart ruled her brain; and when she saw the anxious, heavy eyes of the sufferer, she looked at her with pity and concern.

She exclaimed how sorry for her she felt, and put her hand on Theodosia's throbbing head. The cool, gentle touch was an inspiration to Theodosia, whose heart was comfortably controlled by her head, and she began to cry.

"Do not," said Dorothea: "you will work yourself into a fever — please, please, Theodosia!"

Still Theodosia sobbed, and she pitied herself as she did so. She certainly felt horribly.

"Do you wish me to send for Dr. Towne?" asked Dorothea, really anxious.

"No. Not now. I will be better soon, and then I will go to mamma. Dorothea," and here she stopped crying, and looked wildly at her friend, "do you think I am always going to be so — so light-headed, and say horrible things I cannot mean? O Dolly, Dolly! am I *crazy?*"

And with a great burst of tears, here she began to weep and sob in a fashion so impetuous and hopeless, that it almost took away Dorothea's breath, so horrified was she.

"My poor little child!" she cried, gathering Theodosia into her arms. "You are excited. You have fever. Be quiet, Theo, be quiet!"

"But I *am* crazy," continued Theodosia. "Oh, I felt so queer, Dorothy! What *did* I say! Don't you know that fevers do affect the mind? O Dolly, Dolly, don't let them send me to a hospital!"

Dorothea sharply rang the bell, and Mina came up in an instant.

The Swede stood for a moment looking at

Theodosia, whose distress and nervousness were now perfectly genuine. Then she gently put her mistress aside. She raised Theodosia to a sitting position, and she turned and smoothed her pillows. She laid her down, and bathed her head with cologne, and sent Dorothea off for cold water. The quiet, determined manner of the Swede, her reticent refusal of all sentimental sympathy, had its effect; and before long Theodosia was calm, although she still had fever, and her head violently throbbed.

"Now," said Mina, "you must come away, and she will sleep. Then I shall bring her a cup of tea, and she will get well."

Dorothea hesitated. She felt as if she ought to remain in the room; but Mina was determined, and took her away.

"Had I not better send for the doctor?" asked Dorothea.

"No. She is sick, but if it pleases her she can be well again. I had a mistress at home who was often so. She had new bonnets and

dresses when she wanted them, just by being sick. It is not make-believe, you see; but it is for her to say whether she will be sick or not."

"Oh! it is not so with Miss Hudson," said Dorothea. "Why, Mina, you can see she suffers. She has a high fever."

"Yes," replied Mina, "and she *is* sick; but you see, just let her get to sleep, and the nature in her will get the better, and she will not have fever when she wakes up."

And Mina was right. When Theodosia awakened, the fever was gone, but she was very weak and very sad and gentle. She did not get up for a day or two. She was worn out and listless, and she cared very little what happened. A great passion of jealousy, of frustrated expectation, and of what she fancied was love, had spent itself upon a weakened brain, and the re-action was severe. She was too inert for exertion, and she lay on a lounge and feebly wondered over Dorothea.

This honest and impetuous creature exhausted herself in loving cares, and gentle, caressing ways. Never before had Theodosia been watched with such vigilant tenderness; never before had Godfrey been so pushed away, so uncivilly treated.

"You don't want me to come to the house!" he cried. "You are too busy to go to the Exposition; you are too much engaged to see me here! Is it Theodosia who so absorbs you? She is not ill. She is weak, but if she would go away to keener air she would get well; but she likes you to pet her, to feed her with those wonderful jellies that won't 'set'" —

"They do set," replied Dorothea: "they are as firm as they can be!"

"Well, you never expect them to do so, and you are always leaving me to see that they do."

"I never left you but once for that purpose, sir."

"And when it is not jelly, it is beef-tea, or toast, or something as absurd! Dorothea, what

do you mean by it? Cuddle Theodosia after I go back to New York. *I* want you now!"

Dorothea laughed, and went back to her post. She meant to get Theodosia off as soon as possible, but in the mean time she could not endure Godfrey to show that he loved her. It made her feel as if she were wounding and wronging Theodosia. And yet she knew that never had she more ardently coveted the love of her lover; never could she have as much missed his eager, faithful care for her. Godfrey did not like her mood. He did not understand it, and it irritated him; and he sometimes remembered that Theodosia had said that Dorothea was a complex creature, and not to be read at a glance.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Had he seen thee when he swore
He would love but me alone?"
— BROWNING.

AND so for a time Theodosia was gentle, languid, and sad. Dorothea watched her with a feeling born of pity, and akin to remorse, and longed to make reparation to her. She knew that she had not stolen Godfrey from her; but she saw that Theodosia suffered, and she believed the girl still loved him. Her own happiness seemed almost like a cruel taunt, and she wished that Theodosia would go away from all sight of it. Dorothea was not prepared to give Godfrey up to Theodosia. If there had been a choice possible to him, she might have resigned him; but he had no choice. He did not love Theodosia, and it was not mere selfishness that made Dorothea realize that his happiness had been given into her hands.

For a short time things seemed to stand still; but there was no death of either purpose or feeling in the heart of Theodosia. She was inactive, but she gathered strength; and before long Dorothea looked on in amazement at her fitful guest, who openly wooed Godfrey. It was wonderful how charming the girl became. The whole house seemed to grow radiant with her brightness. She sang, she laughed. She deferred to Mrs. Hardy, she gave Mina all sorts of friendly words and pretty ribbons, and she surrounded Dorothea with a shower of little attentions, and was always on the alert to anticipate her wishes, to save her from fatigue. She kept a stock of the most beautifully sharpened pencils for her use; she swung the hammock under the maple-tree; she carried out easy-chairs; she made delicate little ruffles for Dorothea's dresses, and — luxury of luxuries — she basted them in, and they were always ready. How could Dorothea refuse all these silent, loving cares? How could she say, "I

will not have you so gay, so pretty, so happy, so useful? *I will not allow you to show Godfrey how charming you can be!*"

The glove was thrown down, but Dorothea would not stoop to take it up. She would not contest for her lover. She grew more silent, and absorbed in her work, and at last knew what it was to be wounded, to be jealous. She cared little for Theodosia's treason, and watched her with as much scorn as interest; but she was hurt with Godfrey. She felt as if he ought to repel all the gay advances made to him. She thought he ought not to linger when Theodosia sang, nor follow her to the garden when she called, nor answer her challenge to chess. The long, happy talks between the lovers became pleasures of the past; and Dorothea came to know that men never grow blind to the charm of a woman once loved by them. What she did not know was, that the love itself is rarely won back again.

The mistake Dorothea made was one of

pride. She would not contest for her lover; she would not claim any right in him; yet she left him for Theodosia to entertain and to fascinate.

And Godfrey? Well, Godfrey was a man. He did not understand Dorothea. He loved her passionately, he was never content unless she was in the room. He longed for her voice, her smile; he would have scouted at the idea of marrying any other woman. But Dorothea now seldom sang, she never called him to the garden; she did not know a rook from a pawn; she marked no books for him; she saved no bright stories for him; and a man does not have to be a Mohammedan and go to heaven before he can feel the delight of being waited upon with the sherbet of daily life by a pretty black-eyed houri. Godfrey, naturally enough, accepted the charming entertainment of his old friend and Dorothea's guest, and did not imagine he could be disloyal to his love. Surely a man may have his friends! Still it is always

best for Dorothea that they should not be Theodosias.

As for Theodosia herself, she was perfectly contented. She knew she was very lovely, very brilliant, and she was pleased to be so. She liked to pay attentions, and all she now gave were graceful and delicate. She stood off, and looked at herself with approbation. As for winning away Dorothea's lover, there was another side to that matter! If she wished to win back her own lover, why, she was frank and open about it. "*I* never work in the dark," said she to herself; and she believed it. She realized, as few people do, the comfort of faith in herself, and the inspiration of knowing that what she wanted she ought to have.

Whatever Mrs. Hardy thought, she said not a word: but Mina wore none of Theodosia's ribbons; and when she handed her a cup of coffee, she said, under her breath, —

"There, you snake!"

And so the hot, dry September burned itself away, and was followed by a dull, dreary October. There was this year no exhibit of the autumnal glory of America, and the leaves dried and dropped. In the Exposition buildings the Swedes and Russians put on their fur-trimmed coats; the Italians shivered, and complained of a climate diabolical enough to jump from tropical heat to polar discomfort. Here and there an American, secure in an office, put up a gas-stove; and every one agreed that Closing Day could not come too soon.

Dorothea began to be tired, and went mechanically about her work, and had little enthusiasm over any thing she did.

She felt as if the history of the Exposition were the history of her life, and she began to have a vague superstition that before it closed her future would be decided.

Then, as if to disprove all such fancies, she was suddenly made glad. She felt as if her

year of jubilee had come, as if the day of restitution was at hand!

Mrs. Hudson came home, she opened her house, she sent for her daughter.

When Godfrey appeared the afternoon after the news came, he found Dorothea on the porch. She had a light shawl around her shoulders: she looked happy.

"It is a long time since you watched for me," he said.

She laughed.

"Come in the house," she answered: "it is cool, and I have a fire for you."

In the little parlor it was cheery and bright. A wood-fire blazed in the fireplace, and Dorothea sat down in front of it.

"It burns my face," she said, "but still I like it. Don't you?"

He made no reply to this. He was delighted seeing her so happy, and he began to feel that he had not estimated how quiet she had recently been with him.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that the last days are coming? Dorothea, I must soon go back to New York."

"Don't talk of it now," she replied: "let us feel as if an eternity of twilight, of wood-fire, of being here alone, were before us."

He was standing leaning against the mantle-shelf, looking down at her.

"And Theodosia?" he said, "where is she?"

Dorothea looked contentedly at the fire.

"She is up-stairs packing her trunks. She goes away to-morrow. Her mother has come home, and Theodosia's anxiety to see her cannot be longer delayed."

"You will miss her," he replied.

Dorothea answered that she certainly should; and then she said in the most abrupt manner, —

"Godfrey, how often can a man love?"

"How do I know? As often as a cat can die! But if I may judge from my own experience, I should say — once."

"But I should say twice, three times perhaps, if I should judge from you."

"You would be cruel if you did."

"Yet you did love Theodosia."

"I might have fancied I did!"

"And now?"

"Now? Is it love, Dorothea, or what is it? You are not the woman I love: you are a part of myself. I am nothing away from you."

Dorothea was so happy she could afford to trifle, to be cruel. She did not, however, look up at Godfrey.

"And so I am an advance on Theodosia; and after me — what?"

Godfrey said nothing. This was not kind, nor was it pleasant to hear.

"You do not speculate on such matters?" she continued.

"No, I do not."

"And yet" —

"Don't you think this is child's play?" he interrupted: "what has come over you? Is this

the best we can do with our eternity of twilight, of separation from the world? I was happy with her, but I could have been happy without her. I could forget her. I never forget *you!* I carry the thought of you everywhere: I long to return to you! When I come here and do not at once see you, I grow sick with fear. I never forget that you may die. When she was ill, I expected each day to hear that she was better; but if you had been on that bed of pain, I would have lain like a dog at your door, and Death should have entered only by being stronger than Love!"

Dorothea gathered his head into her arms as he threw himself on his knees at her feet. She forgot Theodosia, she forgot the world, as they sat hand in hand, and watched the fire burn away, and talked of all that was dearest to them, and he spoke of a near future when they would always be together.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I love, but I believe in love no more."
— SHELLEY.

AFTER a while came Theodosia and lights, and a fresh making up of the fire, and Godfrey wandered around the parlor, too glad to sit still. All this brightness and happiness did not escape Theodosia's eyes, and she felt with jealous scorn that she was an odd number in the room. She went to the window, and looked out.

"It is a lovely night," she said. "The moon shines brilliantly. Is it near dinner-time, Dorothy? I have the greatest mind to put on my hat, and walk around the garden."

"It would seem to me," exclaimed Dorothea, "like taking exercise in a cage. I do not believe that any thing less than a prairie would content me to-night. Why don't you take a

longer walk? Dinner will not be ready for a half-hour."

"Alone?" said Theodosia.

"Mr. Wayne will go with you," and she looked at him with mischievous eyes. "I must make a miraculous dessert for you to-night, Theodosia; and a walk will give both of you an appetite for it."

Theodosia looked at him. "Will you come?" she asked.

Godfrey hesitated. He could have been content to sit alone in Dorothea's parlor, and wait for her return to him.

"Oh, you *must* go!" cried Dorothea; and she ran off to bring Theodosia's hat and coat.

When she came back he insisted she should go along; but she steadily refused, and finally turned them both out of the house, and stood in the door watching them go down the silvered street. She then went back into the house, and danced a gay little dance all by herself in the parlor, and then she lingered over her ivy in the window.

The air outside was keen and exhilarating, and Godfrey was happier than was pleasant to Theodosia. She gently reminded him that she would go away the next day, and he congratulated her She must be so glad to have her mother home again. "Now," he said, "you will buy a lot of gorgeous dresses, and you will be off to parties, and operas, and all that. You will forget your working friends, Theodosia."

She looked at him with reproachful eyes.

"I have learned this fall, Godfrey, where true happiness lies."

He did not ask her where. He struck at a tall weed with his cane, and whistled a bar from "The Marriage of Figaro."

"Don't you sing any of Mozart's music?" he said.

"No," replied Theodosia, "I don't like Mozart."

"Oh, yes, you do! You cannot help it."

"O Godfrey!" she cried, "when are you going to be married?" She was sure the day

was set, — that every thing had been arranged that evening. He looked at her with surprise: her tone was almost a shock to him.

"I don't know. I wish it was to be to-morrow before you go home. I do not see why we should wait."

Theodosia drew a freer breath. They had now turned, and were walking back to the house.

"Dorothea is not in such a hurry," she quietly replied: "she feels, as most women must, that she risks a great deal."

"Oh, no, she does not! I mean, she does not feel so."

"Perhaps not," said Theodosia; "but you see she has had such an independent life, and — But I do not think she ought to feel so."

"She doesn't," said Godfrey cheerily.

She walked a little apart from him, and was silent, but none of her moods made any impression on him: he loitered, he talked like a boy let out of school. He was frightfully uninteresting.

They were now near Dorothea's house, when two men came hastily running out of her gate. One of them wore a fez.

"Why, it is the faithful Yusef!" cried Theodosia. "How fortunate that we were out!"

"You are absurd," he said: "Dorothea has never mentioned the fellow to me."

"Of course not. I would not be surprised if you never heard much of this visit."

"You are very foolish," he replied.

She laughed as he opened the gate for her.

"Very well. Perhaps I am wrong: but there are many things, my good friend, unknown to your philosophy; and Dorothea will relate some tales that will amuse you, after you are married, and she has — well, settled down."

"Theodosia," he said, "is this fair?"

"No," she cried in a low tone; "but, Godfrey — Godfrey, how *can* I bear you to be — to be — oh, I do not say deceived, but you deserve frankness, and I cannot bear it!"

She stood still one moment in the moonlight; she trembled, so great was her excitement. Would he, would he, say it!

He looked at her gravely.

"Theodosia," — this was what he said, — "I have great faith in Dorothea."

"I hope I am wrong," and she frankly held out her hand; "and if she speaks to you about Yusef to-night, you must understand, that, while she tells you, I confess how mistaken I now am!"

When they entered the parlor, Dorothea was sitting on the piano-stool, looking as if she had dropped into the seat nearest to her. The gas was burning, and Theodosia at once noticed the girl's high color and sparkling eyes. She asked if they had had a pleasant walk, and then she left the room; and in a few moments they were called to dinner.

They had no miraculous dessert; and Dorothea explained that she had been interrupted, and could not make it, so she gave them grapes as a peace-offering.

This passing allusion was the only one made to Yusef's visit.

In the evening Theodosia did what she felt Godfrey would appreciate as the fair thing, — she went up stairs, and left them alone for an hour, or less. It seemed a long time to her. When she came back, Dorothea was still working sunflowers on a screen, and Godfrey was clipping paper with her scissors. Dorothea had a pre-occupied air, but seemed comfortable and happy; while Godfrey was very grave and silent.

"She has not told him," said Theodosia; and she sat down at the piano, and played Beethoven's Funeral March. She was an excellent pianist, possessing both feeling and execution.

When she finished, Godfrey smiled.

"It isn't quite as bad as *that!*" he said.

"What is not so bad?" asked Dorothea. "But to me the pathos of that music lies in the story that it records, — not of death, but

disappointment. The 'hero' died to Beethoven when he deceived his friends."

This innocent remark made Theodosia and Godfrey look up in sudden surprise. Theodosia turned to the piano again; but he, with a quick, uncontrollable movement, covered his face with his hands.

After Godfrey had gone, Dorothea sat quietly working on her sunflowers, while Theodosia sorted out her own music. Suddenly she threw it all down, and came to Dorothea's side, and sat down on a stool close to the fire.

"Dolly," she said, "shall you miss me?"

"Of course I shall. The house will be very quiet without you."

"I have been so much trouble to you!"

"You were a great anxiety for a time. I shall never forget how worried I was."

"Yes, I know. Godfrey told me," said Theodosia softly. "He says the sick person can have no idea of the fear, the wild anxiety, with which all outside of a sick-room await news from it."

Dorothea's eyes opened in mild surprise. This was rather strong language for Godfrey to use.

"I never can forget how good you have been, Dolly," continued the fervent brunette; "but do you know, sometimes I fear my staying here has been a mistake?"

To this Dorothea made no reply.

"And I want to ask you something. You will be frank with me? You *must* be frank, Dolly," she cried, "because — because you are the only one I can ask, and you — oh, of course, *you* ought to be asked!" And here she paused, and fixed her eyes on Dorothea.

"Well?"

"Would you mind? — Do you think Godfrey ought to visit me? You know he is an old friend, and he is to marry you, dear Dolly; but still — why, of course, I am perplexed."

"You need not be," said Dorothea coolly. "Of course Mr. Wayne can visit where he pleases. I shall not care."

"You are so good," cried Theodosia with gentle fervor, "no man ever *ought* to deceive you!"

"I hope no one ever will," replied Dorothea.

Then Theodosia sat still, and looked at the fire. She smiled, and as quickly was grave, and abruptly saying, "You should have gone with us to-night," she jumped up, and began to play one of Chopin's waltzes, and no more was said upon this dangerous topic before the girls parted for the night.

The next day Theodosia left. She could hardly tear herself away, she said with great sincerity; but she told Dorothea she should come often, and made an appointment to meet her at the Exposition the next day. After she had gone, the house seemed very quiet; but Dorothea felt as if a heavy care were lifted off her heart.

And *then* — about twelve o'clock there came

a letter from Godfrey, and it brought the end of the world with it.

"I write to you," he said, "after a long and sleepless night. I do not know, my Dorothea, what can be your idea concerning the confidence that should exist between betrothed lovers, but my own is clear. And I put it to you,—are *we* laying just the foundation for life happiness? Can it be laid outside of perfect sincerity and frankness? If either of us has a doubt, ought not the other to know of it? Remember, Dorothea, I am not blaming you. I feel you have too much to forgive in me. All I say, all I wish to say, is, shall we not cease having any reservations in our confidence in each other? I *could* not say all this did I not love you so well.

"As always,

"G. W."

Dorothea was stricken dumb. Why, it was not twenty-four hours since he was at her feet, telling her how he loved her! What had Theodosia done to him? He had been different from the moment he returned from their walk together. What was it Theodosia had said

to her the night before? That Godfrey wanted to visit her? That no man ought to deceive Dorothea! How did Theodosia know that Godfrey was deceiving her? And he — he wanted to confess it to her! He wanted to build happiness on frankness! That meant, he would say he had been mistaken, he still loved Theodosia, but it would not make any difference in their marriage. Why, the man was out of his mind! She hurried to her desk, and she answered the note at once: —

"I am sure that we ought to be honest, and *I* have the courage to be so. Our engagement was hurried, and it was a mistake. I want to be free, Godfrey; and you *must* consent that every thing shall end here. Do not distress me by any expostulation. I shall consider it a mockery if you do. Leave me in peace to go back to my old life, and let us forget this futile little romance of the Exposition days. D. P."

How was Dorothea to have known that she should have read "Yusef, Yusef," between the

lines in Godfrey's letter? The Arab had annoyed and displeased her; but she would have laughed at the idea that this ignorant foreign boy could have had any effect on Godfrey's feeling for her. She had no reason for supposing he even knew of Yusef's absurd fancies. But she did read "Theodosia" with an anger heightened by much previous pain and jealousy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"For reasons not to love him once I sought."
—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DURING these months of late summer and fall, Yusef had had his own adventures. The day after he made his appearance before Dorothea in his native costume, he had met an Englishman for whom he had once been guide from Tangiers to Fez, and with whom he had spent a week in Spain. The Englishman was delighted when he saw the Arab, and immediately had a most brilliant idea. He had travelled a good deal, and he had discovered that there are but two objects in visiting foreign lands: one of these objects is to see all you can; the other, to have something to tell when you get home. To go to Colorado is nothing; but to have as guide in America the Arab who served you in Morocco, is one of the

coincidences reserved for the few. Frederick Buckminster Howard did not allow this to escape him, and he promptly asked Yusef if he would go with him; and Yusef, tired of the Exposition, as promptly consented. He was not an expert valet, and he knew nothing of Colorado; but no one else would have so adorned his master's future tales, and this atoned for all his shortcomings. The party consisted of men under thirty years. Two were Englishmen, one a German, and the other a French Canadian; and the Arab at once became an important character, and if he was not useful, he was entertaining.

One night as they were camped out in the depths of the mountains, he told the young men about the Christian girl he meant to marry. He had few particulars to give beyond the facts that she was as beautiful as the dawn, that she was very rich, and lived in a noble house, and he was not going back to Morocco. This tale told with a simple dignity, with much

gleaming of white teeth and little gesture, delighted the young men; and they besought him to show them this houri as soon as they returned to Philadelphia. Yusef shook his head. His wife was not to live as other Christian women did: she was to stay at home, and love her husband. He then made some mention of Fatima, who was, he said, already discarded; and this charming romance gave the young men no little entertainment, and confirmed his master's good opinion of his own wisdom in securing such a servant.

"If he were one of their Africans, she would never look at him," the young Howard remarked; "but as he is an Arab she don't mind. The American nation is awfully like the Tower of Babel."

His companions looked as if they did not appreciate this resemblance; and he explained that what he meant was, that at the Tower of Babel the people who were cursed with the speaking of many languages were scattered

abroad, while in America they were thered together. "It comes to the same thing, don't you see?" he added; and when they burst into a laugh, he mildly smiled. He was used to being funny when he did not mean to be, and had an idea he resembled Charles Lamb in the quality of his humor.

He at once resolved he would see Yusef's young woman. He had a clear idea of what she was like, but he wished to see her. She probably served in a booth, and wore a bang, and walked out Sunday afternoons with other young ladies. He said very little at first; but he opened the subject with Yusef with arguments, both moral and metallic in character, and at last won from the Arab a reluctant consent. But Yusef was firm in stipulating that no one else should go; and, as Howard felt that this was another experience which should be confined to the few, he supported Yusef's determination. He promised, however, to bring his friends a faithful report of the interview.

The party returned late in October, and one afternoon Howard claimed the fulfilment of the Arab's promise; and on the fateful day of Theodosia's walk with Godfrey, the visit was made.

When Yusef entered Dorothea's gate, his companion paused. This was not a "noble" house; but it was pretty, and certainly very unlike his idea of the abode of the pinchbeck young person he had supposed would accept Yusef.

"Are you sure this is the house?" asked the Howard, his hand on the gate.

"It is," replied Yusef. "Is it not good for me?"

"Very," replied his master; "but look here, Yusef, you'll have to bring her out. I can't be going into the kitchen, you know."

"It is not in the kitchen she stays," said Yusef. "That is a very nice girl, and her hair, too, it is yellow; but she is not the one."

"Well, if she is not the cook, I suppose she

is the waiting-maid. Bring her out, Yusef. Tell her it is your father, the sheik."

Yusef laughed, and sprang on the porch, and, going toward the parlor window, nodded to his master to follow.

Howard shook his head.

"Come. She is here," said Yusef, looking in the window.

"Not I," his master replied. "We might meet some of the family. Tell her to come out. I have something for her in my pocket."

"I go this way at all times," was Yusef's placid reply, and he opened the window. Howard hesitated; but he was not the man to court a defeat at the threshold, and so he followed Yusef.

Dorothea came forward instantly, and at the sight of such a beautiful young lady the Englishman took off his hat.

He knew he would meet one of the family!

But Yusef smiled, pointed serenely to her, and said, —

"Here is she!"

"Why," said the Howard, making his faithful report that night to his friends, "why, I could marry her myself! There isn't a woman in our family who can hold her head as she does. Pretty? Certainly she is pretty. Rather too light, perhaps, but not to be sneezed at, you know. She never looked at me. I might have been a camel for all the notice she took of me. She looked at Yusef, though! Do you know what I did? I just tucked those bangles I had taken as a present for her, back in my pocket, quick as shot! George, suppose I had offered them to her! What did she say? Not a word. She walked back to the fireplace, and she struck a match, and lighted the gas. That gave me a chance to see what she looked like. Then she turned square on Yusef: 'I'll take your picture at once,' she says, 'but you ought to have worn your Arab dress.' The young rascal slipped back as if she had hit him. 'It's not the

picture now,' he said, 'but after a while.'—'It's *now*,' she answers; and, would you believe it, she had got out paper and pencil, and then she said, just as cool, 'I can see your soul in your eyes, and I am going to make a picture of it; but the next time you come I will hand you over to the police.' Now, wasn't that a situation?"

"But what did you do?" cried his eager audience.

"Do? If some fellow had come along, and told me *what* to do, I'd have blessed him! I came forward a little, and I says, 'Madame, I'm afraid this is a mistake!'—'I am very sure it is,' she replies, getting colder and colder. 'My name,' I says, 'is Howard,—Frederick Buckminster Howard.' She said, 'Oh!' much as if I had told her I was a Smith. 'And Yusef is my servant.'—'I am very glad to hear that,' she said: 'perhaps, then, you have some control over him; and I positively assure you I will have him arrested if he comes here

again.' I tell you I had to look at her. I declare, I never was so completely puzzled! Why, don't you see? I couldn't explain any thing to her, could I? I hadn't the impudence to tell her she was Yusef's Christian bride, and I had paid five dollars for a sight of her, and then have brought out the bangles to show her! You wouldn't have expected me to do *that?*"

"But what *did* you do?" cry his hearers again.

"I turned on Yusef. I don't know how it was; but he flew out the window, and I after him, and I came near running into some people. I couldn't catch him, but I will give it to him as soon as he comes back. George, but I was hot!"

This was the Englishman's story of the visit, and he began to tell it in little social circles. He was a tall, fair young fellow, and the contrast of his ruddy strength with the gush and boyishness of his manner gave effect to his stories. Godfrey Wayne went very little into

society; but the world is a small place, and the day came when he heard the entertaining incident at a dinner-party. It did not amuse him; but later in the evening, when he had the chance, he asked the name of the lady.

"Now, that is what I can't tell you," replied the young man. "I don't even know where she lives. I have thought I ought to go and explain, but I don't know where to go. It is quite like an Arabian Night adventure."

"Surely the Arab could tell you."

"Who? Yusef? Oh! he disappeared that very night. I have never laid eyes on him since. I suppose he knew what he would get. Why, she was a real lady!"

"I am glad you think so," was Godfrey's reply, made with gravity and sincerity.

"It was an awfully queer dodge on his part," said the possessor of the story; and he stared at Godfrey, who walked away almost rudely, making no reply.

So this was the story Dorothea had not told

him! She was insulted by these two fellows; but — well, as Theodosia had said, she was "independent," she could protect herself. Then he said gently, "Poor little girl!" and he sighed.

It would not have been easy to have made an analysis of Godfrey's feeling toward Dorothea. When he received her note of dismissal he was outraged. He could not understand it. He wrote to her, he started to go to her. He tore up his letters, and when half-way to her house turned and went over to Smith's Island where he knew he would not meet her. He was distracted between surprise, anger, love, grief, faith, and doubt. The one thing he never thought of was a rival. He did not believe Dorothea loved another man: he feared she had discovered that she did not love him. All the hints to which he had been deaf clamored in his ears. He remembered that Theodosia doubted her faithfulness. And women knew each other, and Theodosia loved her friend.

He hurried home to New York because he could not bear to be in the same city with her, and not go and beg her to take her dismissal back. He did not for one moment doubt that the letter was sincere, and in earnest. She had once accepted him: now she had discarded him! It is a proof that Dorothea had impressed her lover with her sincerity, even as he quarrelled with her because he fancied she was not honestly frank with him. He summed it all up in the belief that she had discovered that she did not love him. He did not want her without her love. And yet—yet, there *must* be a mistake! Sometimes notes from her to the newspaper came into his hands, and he used to open them as if they were from the other world, but he never answered them. He passed them over to some one else. He did not wish to write to Dorothea on business.

He would not have suffered long if he had known how his own storms of grief and despair were duplicated in the little house he knew so

well. Dorothea shared all his alternations of doubt and belief, except that she centred all the trouble around a rival.

Theodosia had received a letter from him. One letter? She might have had twenty! Perhaps he wrote every day! And Theodosia was so happy. She came very seldom to the house, but she was always merry and glad. She never asked about Godfrey, — how significant this was, because why should she? who else should know about him if she did not? — and she was full of plans for Christmas pleasures, and was always talking of a young Englishman, Frederick Buckminster Howard, the cousin of a lord, and the rage in New York and Philadelphia society. He had come to Theodosia with special introductions from her New York cousins, and she had a certain sense of ownership in him as far as social relations were concerned.

Mrs. Hudson gave a most select dinner, where he was introduced to a few daughters,

but more fathers and mothers, and then Theodosia called the clan to an evening reception. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the appearance and behavior of this young man. He was tall and strong, and, as was proper, looked like an Englishman. He wore morning costumes in the morning, and had correct ideas concerning hats. He noticed certain trans-Atlantic confusion of ideas concerning dress and etiquette; but he made no criticisms, and lived by his own authenticated standards. He danced, he played cricket, he walked, he held a fair hand at billiards, he told good stories, and knew everybody of note everywhere. It was no wonder that Theodosia was satisfied to play sponsor to him, and he thought her perfectly delightful. She was so fresh and pretty, and she had such an unusual sense of what was proper, that she really used to rest him after other American girls. He felt very safe in the Hudson house. There was no murmur of marriage in the air, and Mrs.

Hudson never confided to him how much she would miss her daughter when she married. He came in the morning, and returned in the evening and if the ladies were out or engaged, he read, or played waltzes or Mendelssohn, and made himself at home, until they appeared: and after a while the two became "Theo" and "Fred" to each other, when no one else was present; and she used to write him notes, in which she signed herself "your troublesome great, great grandmother," and gave him little commissions because she liked his English taste. But there was one thing she never did, — she never took him to see Dorothea. It was possible that the artist was too unconventional, and out of society, or perhaps she lived too far away; but, whatever was the reason, she never introduced her blonde friends to each other. She rarely spoke of Dorothea before the Englishman, who was always ready to meet American girls; and as for Godfrey — he was, it seemed, forgotten. She had written to him

once, asking him if there were to be an exhibition of water-colors in New York; and it was the reply to this inquiry that she had incidentally mentioned to Dorothea as "a letter" from Mr. Wayne. Just then the Englishman came to Philadelphia, and her interest in water-colors decreased. It was surprising what a difference her environment made to Theodosia. A few weeks before, she was living in perfect seclusion in Dorothea's house. There was no place outside of it, there was but one man in the world: there were battles to be fought, hearts to be broken or made glad, victories to be won, and all within four small walls. Now it had all faded away, and Dorothea was no longer to be feared. Godfrey?—he was very pleasant, and talented, and all that; but surely that was Mr. Howard's ring, and where was her opera-cloak, and— Oh, what lovely flowers! How delightful it is to have a friend who has a taste in bouquets, and who does not lavish them on every girl! There was no present

need of considering the tenth commandment as the carriage whirled away to the opera-house. Mr. Howard delighted in his freedom, and was his own master. Are moths, as they fly around the flame, Calvinists, or do they believe in free-will?

So every thing ran smoothly with Theodosia, and she smiled and danced, and slept the sleep of the innocent; while Dorothea tossed in her bed, and hid her head under her white arms, and fancied that letters were still passing between the Hudson house and the office of "The Mail," while, all unknown to her, the private watchman employed by Godfrey paced her neighborhood, and kept a lookout for Yusef.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Its soul remembers yet
Those sunless hours that passed it by."
— ROSSETTI.

THE social and stalwart young Howard had expected to spend but six months in the United States; but the country really was not so bad, and, as a younger son with a moderate income and little land, he was better appreciated in Philadelphia than in London. He stayed to see Christmas, and then there was a great ball. He lingered for first one thing and then another; and Lent came and passed, and the Easter bloom found him still tarrying, still expecting to go. But he began to have some new ideas about life, and hinted that he had roved quite long enough. He had a fancy that there were modes of existence still untried by him, which had their advantages; and he

watched young married people as if they held the answer to a conundrum. Sometimes he talked to Theodosia about his estate, and he used to tell her he could not imagine where she got her English ideas.

And Theodosia was pretty. Her mother was rich, and she was the only child. Her being an American was rather an advantage in the way of social success at home, and finally he became convinced that *this* was another advantage reserved for the elect.

He asked Theodosia to marry him. He had made up his mind he would; but he intended taking time, and going to the house for that especial purpose. As it was, he asked her one day when they were riding in Fairmount Park; and she laughed, and galloped off. This was rather too American; but he forgave her, and when they rode home it would have occurred to no one that they were just affianced. Mrs. Hudson made some gentle objection to her daughter marrying out of the country; but, as

she had none to the gentleman himself, she yielded her own feelings, and consented to the marriage.

Then Theodosia drove out to tell Dorothea. She had not seen her friend for some months, but she told her she could not keep her new happiness from her one moment.

Dorothea put her pencils in a box, and, in a moment after, said she was glad Theodosia was happy. She had braced herself to hear Godfrey's name; and when she did start, and a look of indignation flashed into her eyes, it was because she heard Howard's instead.

"But Mr. Wayne?" she exclaimed.

"Mr. Wayne?" repeated Theodosia. "I don't see what *he* has to do with it!"

Dorothea paused a moment; and then she said very steadily, —

"Does he know of it?"

"Of course he does not."

"You mean to tell him?"

"No," replied Theodosia, "I don't; but I

don't object to your telling him. Mamma has not announced it yet, of course; but he is quite in the family, you know."

"I do not understand," said Dorothea. Perhaps Godfrey was going to marry one of the New York cousins.

"I do not see why you don't. I am sure there is no mystery about it," was Theodosia's reply; and she glanced out the window at the new silver harness on the horses.

Then Dorothea asked another question, —

"Have you written to him about Mr. Howard?"

Theodosia laughed. Really, Dorothea was too ridiculous!

"Certainly not! Why should I? *I* don't write to Mr. Wayne, Dorothy." Then a suspicion darted into her mind. "He has never told you I did?"

"No. But I understood — I thought you did."

"I don't!" cried Theodosia with indignation; "and I hope you will never hint such a thing to Frederick. He would be very angry."

Dorothea now laughed.

"If you wrote to Mr. Wayne *now*, Mr. Howard might be angry; but he does not claim the rights of proprietor before the deed was signed!"

Theodosia saucily shook her head.

"He had better not! I ask him no questions, and he will be as forbearing. But nonsense aside, Dolly dear, *you* can tell Godfrey; but won't you make me one promise? Promise you will tell me what he says. He won't care, of course; but I would like to know what he says about it. And there is something else. Don't you think it would be nice if we were married the same day? I want you to know Frederick; and it will be so delightful an opening to your acquaintance, and we have been such friends" —

Dorothea pushed Theodosia's caressing hands away in hot indignation.

She stood up, and looked as if she were about to quit the room.

"What *is* the matter with you?" cried Theodosia.

"I cannot understand you!" answered Dorothea in a nervous, excited voice. "Don't you know that I am no longer engaged to Godfrey Wayne?"

Theodosia became a little pale. Then she said very simply, —

"I am sorry."

Dorothea stood silent.

"How long has it been? I mean, how long has it been broken?" said Theodosia.

Dorothea fixed her eyes on the girl with a bitter little smile. She did not mean to spare her.

"It was broken the day after you left my house, Theodosia."

The color on Theodosia's cheek became a trifle deeper.

"Well," she said, regarding the border of her handkerchief with a critical air, "I told you from the very first, that you would repent if

you cultivated Mr. Wayne's acquaintance. You ought to have been guided by me, because *I* knew him, and you didn't. But you never would take advice, Dorothea!"

Theodosia thought a good deal about old times that night. She did not sleep well after the excitement of the day, and as she lay awake she recalled feelings and scenes almost forgotten. Godfrey and Dorothea had had little share in her life since the Englishman came, and she would not now confess to herself how they had once completely ruled it. She thought with tender pity of her own girlish belief in Godfrey, and then with pride realized her happy escape. Life in the midst of the nobility of England was a different thing from life as Godfrey Wayne's wife, and Frederick Howard was all she wished her husband to be. Still it annoyed her to know that Dorothea was not happy, and she wondered if she should ask Godfrey the reason of their separation.

And yet would it be best for them to be

reconciled? If Godfrey really loved "another," would Dorothea be happy? Theodosia did not analyze her own feelings, and they *were* rather complex! She was fond of Dorothea, she wanted her to be happy, so it followed she should wish her to marry the man she loved. Next, Theodosia did not love Godfrey, and nothing could have persuaded her to resign the Howard for him; and yet she could not desire him to marry any one else. What did she want? What she *did* was to say to herself that *she* could not help it, and she went to sleep.

The next day, however, she returned the diamond ring, and did try to do her best by Dorothea in telling Godfrey of her own engagement; but as her affairs had nothing to do with his estrangement from Dorothea, her confidence counted for nothing with him.

But Dorothea also had her serious thoughts and doubts. Perhaps she had assumed other facts as baseless as the constant correspond-

ence between Theodosia and Godfrey? Perhaps she had not understood his letter? She read it over and over; and it did not seem as peremptory, nor as final, as she had once fancied it. Yet if it did not mean "Theodosia," what did it mean?

In a few days Godfrey came and asked her a similar question. Was her letter final?

For all after days Dorothea believed in the clairvoyance of love. Else why should Godfrey and she at the same moment have doubted their own interpretations, and moved toward reconciliation? Neither of them thought of Theodosia as even an unconscious influence in their re-union, and indeed why should they? She had wronged them beyond their knowledge. After a seed germinates, blossoms, bears fruit, the universe is never the same again; and although in their re-united lives they never loved each other less, nor were they less tender, yet Dorothea never lost her jealous watch over Godfrey, while he had an uneasy

suspicion that it was always possible for her to fail in frankness and confidence.

Still I could wish that each one of us could, in our own way, be as content with life as this couple were!

CHAPTER XXV.

"Mine is a tale of Flodden field,
And not a history."
—SCOTT.

DOROTHEA and Godfrey were married the 12th of April, 1877. It was a sudden arrangement; but Godfrey had many good reasons in favor of it, and Dorothea none of weight against it.

Theodosia was not present. She knew when the ceremony was to take place; but Mr. Howard had arranged a visit to Washington with a little party, and she felt she could not break it up by refusing to go.

How it happened that the idea of going just then occurred to the Englishman, who can tell? but it prevented Theodosia's attendance at the marriage, and so caused her, she wrote, great disappointment. She was in the Treasury

Department at the hour for the ceremony, and her thoughts flew back to Philadelphia. She knew the church where the service was to be performed; and she could, in fancy, see the clergyman waiting, and the little bridal party going up the stone aisle, between the ancient high pews. Outside, in the churchyard, the trees were coming into leaf, the birds were twittering. She could almost fancy she could hear the chimes ringing out.

Oh, yes, she was very glad Dorothea was to be happy! And she stepped off, and unconsciously viewed her betrothed in a way that made him smile, and ask if she were measuring him?

Then she said in the most incoherent way, and almost in his ear, —

"Don't you remember, Fred, that when we first knew each other, you told me such an amusing story of going with your servant to see a lady to whom he said he was to be married?"

Mr. Howard laughed.

"It was awfully funny," he said.

"You never saw her again?"

"I wish I had! I don't know that I should want to talk to her about it, but I should like to see her."

"She was rather a fat girl, you said," remarked Theodosia indifferently.

"Why, no, she wasn't!" he exclaimed: "she was just the reverse. She was slender, and awfully pretty."

"I did not remember," was Theodosia's answer, and she said no more on the subject.

She was not to be married until the next fall; as Mr. Howard wished to first return to England, and make proper arrangements for her reception.

But Godfrey and Dorothea made their arrangements after their marriage, and began their wedded life by packing up and moving. If they could have commanded Aladdin's lamp, they would have transported her little house,

just as it was, to New York; but as they could not, they moved every thing but the walls and Mrs. Hardy: and, although the breaking up of her old home gave pain to Dorothea, how could she regret any thing that led her to Godfrey's side?

One day in the early fall Godfrey came home in a very lively humor, and announced to Dorothea that he meant to take her to the circus. She at once said she was not going, and scoffed at the idea. Godfrey listened, and said it made no difference — she was going.

"Very well," she replied: "we will see who is right."

"I am agreed," he said; "and I assure you, Mrs. Wayne, you will go, and you will be delighted."

Delight, Dorothea said, was impossible; and so, to prove this last assertion, she unwarily consented to go, and Godfrey held her to her promise; so, after more argument, they went to the

show, and entered with a great crowd, and much banging of drums, and blowing of trumpets.

They had front seats in an immense amphitheatre; and it was all very bright and very loud, yet not different from the circus of Dorothea's youth, except in being bigger.

"Now *is* this amusing?" she said; but in spite of her protest, she was full of glee, and ready to be pleased.

"Wait until Yusef come!" he replied; and this familiar quotation made his wife laugh. Yusef was not a tragical memory to her.

Then the drums gave a most tremendous bang, and all the cornets, the bassoons, and trumpets cried aloud; and into the ring bounded —

THE WILD BEDOUIN OF THE DESERT!

And Yusef had come!

There he stood, slender, lithe, and agile. His eyes flashed, his teeth gleamed; he was all color and brightness and grace; and when the

"incomparable Arabian steed, the Sultan Saladin," flew in, and the Bedouin, with one flying leap, sprang on his back, what applause and rapture shook the ancient canvas walls of the world's greatest show!

"And to think," said Dorothea as they walked home, "that I might have seen him every evening! I might, you know, have been a Bedouiness!"

"It would have been expensive — not to have been a Bedouiness, but to have gone to the circus every night," her husband replied.

"Why, you don't suppose that I should have paid! I would have had a free pass. That would have been one of the advantages of my position."

Godfrey stood still.

"My dear," he said, "you don't imagine that we paid to-night? In the matter of free passes, Dorothea, even a wild Bedouin could have no advantage over an editor!"

And then he put her hand back into his

arm, and they went on their happy way together.

When the hour announced by cards, by orders to jewellers, by consultations with dressmakers, by flowers, by presents, by a flutter all through her circle and her family, at last came, then — Theodosia was married.

Dorothea read all about it in the Philadelphia evening papers, and the account was so vivid and minute that she almost felt as if she had been present. Then Theodosia went to England, and was popular and happy, and was regarded as the prettiest of American brides. Her simplicity and artless ways pleased the whole Howard family, and the noble lord himself delighted in her. She used to write to Dorothea sometimes, and thought of her with sincere affection; but she could not endure Godfrey. She remembered that she had from the first distrusted him; and more than once she met Englishmen at whom she looked with

regretful eyes, thinking how excellent a match either one of them would have made for Dorothea.

"But it is the oddest thing," she said to her husband, "that you never saw her. We were such dear friends."

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